

The SILENT WORKER



*From a drawing by Fred Lee, Commercial
deaf Artist of Chicago, Illinois.*

**February,
1926**

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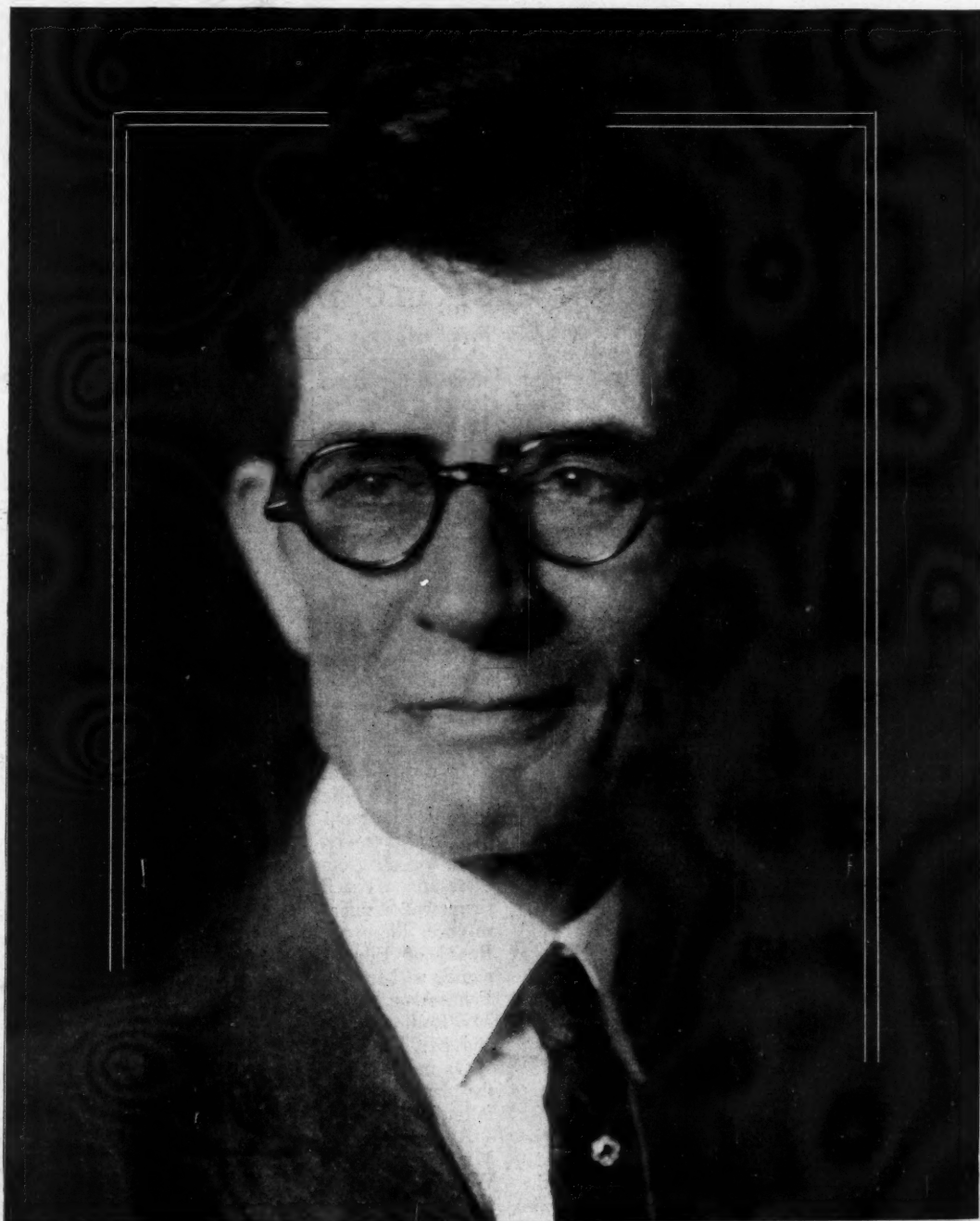
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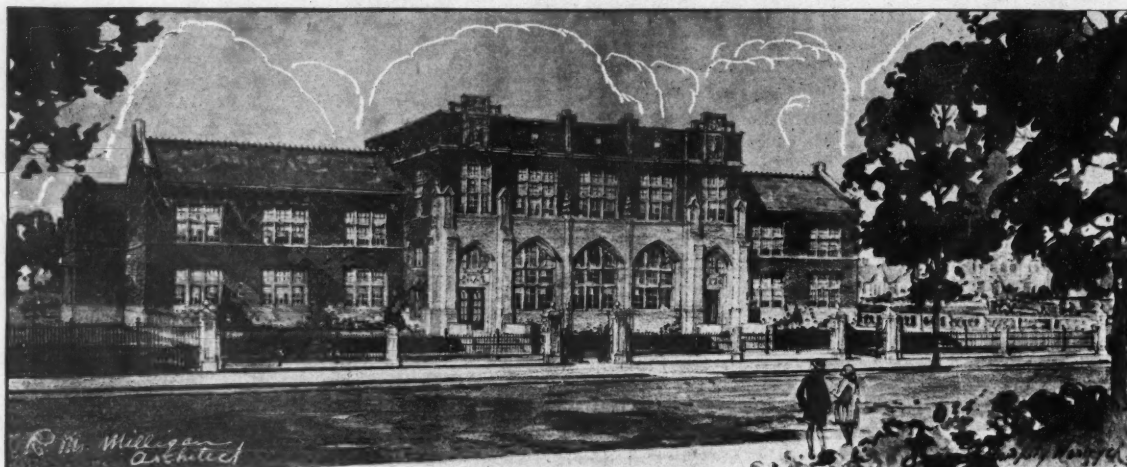
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Deaf Persons of Note



HENRY C. ANDERSON
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A. L. PACH PHOTO.



The new St. Louis Day School for the Deaf, now in course of erection

The New Gallaudet School, St. Louis

By DR. JAMES H. CLOUD

(Former Principal)



GALLAUDET SCHOOL, under the name of the St. Louis Day School for the Deaf, had its beginning as a one-room, one-teacher, affair in the Franklin School Branch, 1413 Lucas Avenue, in 1878. In the following year it was transferred to a room in the Jefferson School at Ninth and Wash Streets where it remained for twenty-two years. In October, 1901, it was moved to the old Compton School building at 3437 Henrietta Street, which was turned over for the exclusive use of the deaf, and the name changed to Gallaudet School. It is the first educational institution to bear that name after Gallaudet College at Washington.

Several years ago it became evident that the school was outgrowing its accommodations on Henrietta Street. The problem would have to be solved by the enlargement of the building, or the erection of a new one, preferably on another site. In view of the need of a building having fireproof construction, more and smaller class rooms, an auditorium, a gymnasium, manual training and domestic science facilities, modern conveniences, recreation and garden space, the Patrons Association of Gallaudet School determined to work for a new building on a more favorable location. Finally, in January, 1921, a representative committee of Gallaudet Patrons formally memorialized the Board of Education for a new building. Under the able and aggressive leadership of Mr. Emil J. Barth, President of the Gallaudet Patrons Association, there was no let up in effort to obtain the much needed improvement.

In December, 1923, Dr. J. J. Maddox, Superintendent of Instruction of St. Louis Public Schools, recommended "that the Board proceed at once to select a site and erect a fireproof building for the accommodation of the school for the deaf." Funds were made available, but there the project seemed to come to a standstill in spite of the insistence of Gallaudet Patrons that the construction of the new building proceed. The delay may be accounted for, in part at least, to the influence of certain "progressive oralists" on and off the Board and in and out of the Department of Instruction who favored a separate building for

the oral department, a plan strenuously opposed by Gallaudet Patrons and deaf citizens of St. Louis as being wholly unnecessary for a day school in addition to being inimical to the acquisition of the best possible education on the part of the deaf. Finally, in order to be in a position to render the deaf and all children attending the public schools greater and more effective service, Mr. Barth offered himself as a candidate on the non-partisan ticket for election to the Board of Education held on April 7th, 1925. The deaf and their friends threw themselves wholeheartedly behind the candidacy of Mr. Barth and had the great satisfaction of seeing him duly elected for the full six year term. Before and since his election to the Board Mr. Barth's great objective has to see the new Gallaudet School building project through. As a member of the Building Committee of the Board he has been in a position to keep in close touch with the proposed improvement.

At a meeting of the Board, held on July 14th, 1925, Mr. R. M. Milligan, Commissioner of School Buildings, submitted a plan for the new Gallaudet, housing all departments, at an estimated cost of approximately \$220,000, exclusive of grounds and equipment. The Secretary-Treasurer of the Board, Mr. H. W. McNamee, certified there was a sufficient balance to the respective accounts to cover the expenditures contemplated. The St. Louis Board of Education is composed of twelve members:—Mr. Barth, Mr. Blumeyer, Mrs. Bush, Mr. Fahrenkrog, Mr. Heier, Mrs. Michael, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Rollins, Mr. Schollmeyer, Mr. Tobin, Mr. Wagner, and Mr. Weidle.

On motion of Mr. Murphy, seconded by Mr. Wagner, the plan presented by Mr. Milligan was approved by the following vote:

Ayes: Mr. Barth, Mr. Blumeyer, Mr. Fahrenkrog, Mr. Heier, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Rollins, Mr. Wagner, Mr. Weidle.—8. Mr. Schollmeyer who was understood to favor the proposition was absent on account of illness. Mrs. Bush was abroad. Negative votes were cast by Mr. Tobin and Mrs. Michael. By way of explaining his vote Mr. Tobin said he had not had opportunity to

investigate the matter. Mrs. Michael said she approved of the school, but not under the plan as contemplated,—the housing of all departments in one building. She is known to have pronounced leanings towards oralism, which fits the child to the method, a view point, fortunately for the deaf children of St. Louis, held by a very small minority on the Board. The sentiment of the majority on the Board is represented by Mr. Barth, who has a son attending Gallaudet School and who has given years to the most careful consideration to the question of methods. Mr. Barth favors the Combined System which adapts the method to the child,—the system favored by the educated deaf the world over.

In August, 1925, a committee of the Board, composed of Mr. Barth, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Wagner, Mr. Weidle, and the Commission of School Buildings, Mr. Milligan, made a tour of inspection of the newer school buildings for the use of the deaf. The tour which covered some three thousand miles followed a route leading through Detroit, Cleveland, and as far as Belleville, Canada. The pointers gathered on this tour, along with original ideas, in the way of building design, construction, and equipment, aimed to provide the deaf children of St. Louis with a building that would be the last word as an educational plant, an ornament to the city, a monument to the liberality and wisdom of the Board members favoring the improvement, and to the administration of Superintendent of Instruction Maddox.

At the meeting of the Board of Education held on December 8th, 1925, contracts for the new Gallaudet School were approved. The *St. Louis Globe Democrat* of December 9th, has the following to say concerning the matter:

"Contracts for construction of the new School for the Deaf at Grand Boulevard and Henrietta street were let last night by the Board of Education at its monthly meeting. The school will have capacity for 200 pupils and will cost \$311,131 when completed in about a year, according to R. M. Milligan, Commissioner of School Buildings, whose recommendations for awarding the contracts were approved by the board.

"The board voted to send a painting of the school to Emil J. Barth, member of the board, and former president of the Gallaudet Patrons' Association, who before his election to the board, was active in urging construction of a new building for teaching deaf and dumb children. Richard Murphy, former chairman of the Committee on School Building, also was active in behalf of the school, saying the old Gallaudet School at 3437 Henrietta avenue, was antiquated.

FINEST OF ITS KIND.

"Both methods of educating the deaf and dumb, the oral or lip reading method, and the manual or sign language will be employed at the new school, which, according to Murphy, will be one of the finest of its kind in the United States.

The vote of members of the Board stood ten to two in favor of the contracts,—Mrs. Michael and Mr. Rollins casting the negative votes.

The architect's sketch of the proposed new Gallaudet accompanies this article. The plan contemplates a two story building and a basement for the boiler, cold storage and heating and ventilating apparatus. The floor area of the building will be about 14,150 square feet, the cubical contents being 524,000 cubic feet. The Commissioner of

School Buildings estimated the cost at \$220,000.00 exclusive of grounds and equipment. The Board let the contract for \$311,131.00, which, with the necessary equipment will bring the cost near to \$400,000.00. The plant is to be the last word in design, construction, and equipment making it the finest public school building in the world for the use of the deaf.

The first floor will contain an auditorium, seating approximately 200, having a stage and two dressing rooms, a gymnasium having two dressing and shower rooms, six class rooms, a kindergarten room with work room, a store room with emergency toilet, three speaking rooms, a principal's office, a dental clinic and doctor's examination room, boys' and girls' toilet rooms, and three shops.

The second floor will have a lunch room, kitchen and store rooms, six class rooms, a teachers' rest room, a music room and four shops, with necessary storage space, and boys' and girls' toilet rooms.

The building is to have a comfortable normal capacity of about 200 pupils.

Four entrances are provided; two to the front and two to the rear. Two spacious stairways are provided in close proximity to the main avenues of traffic.

The construction is to be fireproof and all finishes of every description to be up to the standard of St. Louis public schools.

The building will be electric lighted and provided with a synchronizing clock and bell system, a telephone and red light signal system, vacuum cleaning plant, and a plenum system of mechanical heat and ventilation.

The location in block 1600 South Grand Boulevard is a commanding one, on a natural elevation, facing west, on a leading thoroughfare, near the geographical center of the city, and easily accessible from all directions. The lot fronts 396 feet on Grand Avenue and is 420 feet deep. The St. Louis Teacher's College, and the model grade school, the Wyman, is located in the block adjoining. Hearing brothers or sisters who accompany little deaf children attending Gallaudet may if need be attend the Wyman School. The work of construction has already begun and it is expected that the new building will be ready for use early next fall.

Mr. Barth is to be congratulated on his success in getting his project through in so short a time after becoming a member of the Board. He has earned an enduring place in the memory and esteem of the deaf of St. Louis in the years to come.

Being dignified doesn't eave much time for working.



Dr. Robert Patteron, Mrs. Jesse T. Warren, Mr. Thos. Marr, Mrs. W. H. Chambers, Mr. Jesse T. Warren. Taken at the recent reunion in Knoxville, 1925.

My First Vacation Abroad

By HARRY BELSKY



HAVE just returned from my first continental holiday and was much impressed by the ways and habits of the people. I have sailed over a great big angry ocean for the first time in my life. The ship "De Grasse," which belongs to the French line, gave excellent service; the French food was well cooked. The menu was printed in both English and French. It took eight days to reach Havre from New York City. When I awoke in the morning of the eighth day I was in the dock at Havre. From there I went to Deauville by boat. Deauville is a smart seaside resort where there are many beautiful houses and casinos and smart specialty shops. I left for Paris (which took about four days) by train. I was a stranger in the capitol of France and went directly to Mr. Henri Gaillard's house. He is a well known deaf-mute editor. I explained my circumstances and he immediately sent me to a hotel where I found a good room. The next day was a beautiful day and the air was full of wine and beer. I was eager to explore, for it was a very free life that I now lived. My hours in the heart of Paris were short, as I lived so near it that I did not have to waste time traveling to and fro. I did not know how to drink champagne, wine or beer because of the enforcement of the prohibition act in the United States. My friend asked me to take a drink, which we did. French wine is good and cheap.

There are some beautiful flower markets there, and girls sell flowers of pretty colors on the sidewalks. The houses there are made of cement; they are of angular style and have triangular roofs. The public lavatories are poorer than those of other countries. Pastries and tarts are served very well. Cafes, and restaurants are numerous; the tables in these are placed in the front of the buildings on the sidewalk. People are served as they watch the procession. There are many taxi cabs and also many interesting horse-drawn carriages that have regular taxi meters.

There are some European American newspapers—the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Herald*, published daily in Paris. There are also a great many hotels in Paris particularly for tourists.

A guide book and maps helped to direct me about the city. I could read the French menus with ease and was also able to write the more common words in French which aided me to secure my wants. When I strolled into the parks, I found myself surrounded by beautiful flowers and friendly paths, ponds, fountains, statues and other works of art. The flowers and plants are wonderfully arranged, which refreshes and helps to beautify the parks. The Seine flows through the heart of the city and adds to the beauty of Paris. The water is light green and reflects on the beautiful old bridges. Passengers are carried through the day time in yachts, and they together with the barges and small steamers give it much traffic. I noticed a freighter with a big smokestack and to my surprise the smokestack was lowered so that it could pass under the bridge. After passing under, the smokestack was put back into place again. Policemen wear a band on their arm which bears this inscription, "English Spoken," which is to indicate that he can speak English and is at the service of those

who can not speak French. On the right bank of the river unrolls a beautiful architectural panorama of the Louvre and Turleries, followed by the Place De La Concorde and the whole of the park which borders the Seine to the Trocadero park and Anteuil, including the museums of Louvre, Luxembourg and others. The Louvre is the richest museum in the world. It contains thousands of pictures by Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens and the like. The Luxembourg is a museum of modern painting and sculpture, and is very interesting. I saw the famous sculpture of "Venus De Milo" and "Victoria" in this museum which was founded in 1820. The Notre Dame, which was built over 750 years ago, is one of the finest monuments of Gothic architecture. However, most of its windows of stained glass are modern. The Pantheon, a beautiful temple, and also the tomb of Victor Hugo interested me greatly because of its beautiful mural decorations.

I was shown inside the Conciergerie prison, which you will remember was a great center of storm during the frightful days of the French Revolution. I also visited the tomb of Napoleon at the Hotel Des Invalides, the haunt of the majority of the tourists. The reason is very evident as there is no name in the whole history more universally known than that of the Emperor. The tomb consists of a circular crypt under a fine dome. It is very beautiful. The Colonne Vendome monument likewise attracted me. It, you remember, was erected to the glory of the grand army of Napoleon I. This monument is made of bronze and is 44 meters in height; it is also decorated with 1,200 cannons taken from the enemy.

The Eiffel tower, which is 984 feet tall and by far the loftiest structure in the world, is situated on the bank of the Seine just opposite the beautiful Trocadero museum. The tomb of the unknown soldier is under the Arc De Triomphe De L'Etoile which was begun in 1806 and finished in 1836. This tower is 49 meters high and is beautifully lighted at night with a flame of remembrance. I also visited many other buildings, statues and curiosities of Paris, Versailles and Fontainebleau. At Fontainebleau, which was the home of Napoleon, there are numerous collections of pictures and the like on exhibition in the house that he once occupied. I also visited Chateau Thierry, one of the many battlefields of the World-War. There I met a young lady who was familiar with the sign language. She was the interpreter of the American Memorial Methodist Church. She accompanied me on a visit to the Belleau Woods and told me many interesting things concerning it and also the battle that was fought there during the World-War. There are still numerous marks of this dreadful conflict written in shell holes, trenches, helmets, old rusty guns, shoes, machine guns, etc., but, however, the ruins that were once there can not be found because France has taken great steps to replace her devastated area.

There is a large American cemetery at Belleau Woods where millions of America's honored heroes rest peacefully, under a huge American flag flying in the center of the cemetery, for which they gave so much. There are also many World-War relics here too; they include

the aeroplane in which Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt gave his life for his country.

France was more extensively visited by tourists this year than ever before because of the exposition of fine arts which were exhibited there. The site of the exposition covered an area of 57 acres, which contained the industrial arts of the 23 nations represented. Arts of every kind and sort that could be imagined were to be found there, and all were truly wonderful.

Mr. Henri Gaillard made the trip to Versailles with me, and there we saw the beautiful bronze statue of Abbot Charles Michael De L'Epee, who was the first teacher of the deaf, born in Versailles, November 24, 1712, and died in Paris, December 23, 1789. I also had the pleasure of visiting his tomb in a church in Paris.

I remained in France for a month, traveling and sight-seeing. From there I went to Belgium by rail. At the border of Belgium the train stopped to permit the passengers to have their passports vised and inspectors to search their baggage. On one occasion, a young lady who turned over her baggage for inspection met with some difficulties, for the inspector found that she had secreted some cigarettes in her dress. As this is strictly prohibited, she was required to pay a fine and completed the incident by fainting. At Brussels I met Mr. W. De Decher, secretary of the Deaf-Mutes' Club of Brussels, who directed me to a very comfortable lodging in a near-by hotel.

The Grand Palace, in Brussels, planned by Victor Hugo, is the finest in the world, and together with the other buildings that surround it, is like a museum of architecture. This is the place that interested me most and I spent most of my time there, for it has in it something different, something fascinating in its construction which are not found in the other cities of the world. I also visited the Town Hall, which is the largest and richest of the ancient Netherlands. There is a story connected with this hall that the architect who had charge of its construction committed suicide because the people insulted him: not because he did a poor job in building the hall, but because he misbalanced a door which caused it to sag. I had the pleasure of seeing this interesting door upon my visit in the Netherlands.

From Brussels I went to Waterloo and saw the panorama of the lion, thence on to Teeken which is the summer residence of the royal family. From there I went to Antwerp which is much like Brussels. I next went to Liege, which still bears traces of the damage brought about by the World-War. The stone bridges that once spanned the river, torn down by the Belgians in their retreat and replaced with wooden ones by the advancing Germans, have not yet been replaced with stone. I also spent a month in Brussels and from there went to Amsterdam, Holland, where I spent four days visiting its numerous churches, statues, buildings, etc., of fine architecture. The extensive network of canals with their locks, interested me very much and you can just bet your life that I took the time to take a yacht trip on them before I bade farewell to dear old Amsterdam. The commander of the yacht could speak English and explained many places of interest as they were passed.

From Amsterdam I went to Harwick by boat and from there to London by train. In London I saw the old bath houses constructed by the Romans of early times, these have been reserved and are still in perfect condition. Some of the ancient wall still remain, despite the fact that they were built something near 2000 years ago. In London I visited Westminster Cathedral, the

inside of which is not yet completed. Near the National Gallery there is a statue of one of our greatest presidents, Washington, and near the House of Parliament there is one of Lincoln.

Just opposite the wonderful Buckingham Palace is the statue of Queen Victoria. This most remarkable palace is constantly watched by the king's guards. One thing I noticed—that is, that when the king is in his residence the guard is changed and the band plays constantly, and when he is at home, the royal standard flag is flying but if he is absent from England it is never flown. I saw many statues and tombs of the greater of the statesmen, also the home of the Prince of Wales which is a very old structure. Having seen about all there was to see in England, I boarded the "Roch-ambleau" and returned to America. Of course I was interested in all that I saw abroad, but nevertheless I sure was glad to see Miss Liberty and my friends in the dear old U. S. A. again.

Have you ever heard this: "That fellow is full of ideas. If someone would sit on him and make him hatch a few, both would get rich." Have you ever tried to sit on one of these human idea layers?



Helen Fay, now senior at the University of Rochester from which she will graduate next June. She is a product of the Rochester School for the Deaf.

The First Deaf Eagle Scout in America

By JOHN S. GOTTHELF



IT WAS officially announced on June 25, 1925, that all over America 112,462 Boy Scouts each had been decorated with an Eagle Scout badge, the highest merit badge that can be awarded to a Boy Scout; and among these Eagle Scouts so honored is Norman Crawford, the first deaf Boy Scout in the United States, if not the entire world, to have attained the highest medal of honor after having passed an examination each in twenty-one different subjects, conducted by the Flint Council of Boy Scouts at its sessions known as the Court of Honor. The national headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America in New York City in its telegram to the local council stated that in its entire history of Scouting it had never heard of a deaf Eagle Scout. Subsequent inquiries confirmed the fact; newspapers, including those of Detroit, published the picture of Scout Crawford, proclaiming him as the first deaf Eagle Scout in the country.

Proof of proficiency in various arts and crafts leading to twenty-one merit badges is required of a Boy Scout before he could receive an Eagle Scout badge. The possession of a merit badge does not, of course, signify a Scout's ability to make a living by the knowledge gained in obtaining the award, but it is intended to give him an elementary and usable knowledge of various everyday things, and to stimulate his interest in the life about him, and to encourage his search for further knowledge along the line of his natural ability and preference, that talent having been discovered by Scouting.

Scout Crawford had passed an examination successfully in each of the following subjects:

Swimming, life saving, cooking (able to build a fire-place out of stone, sod or logs, and build a fire in the fireplace, cook various dishes suitable for camping, mix dough, bake bread in an oven, and the like), handicraft (repairing things about the house), personal health, public health, blacksmithing (forging bolts, chains, etc., into given dimensions), athletics, firemanship (how to prevent a panic and the spread of fire, how to aid the police in keeping back crowds, how to unroll, connect-up hose and nozzle to a hydrant, or how to organize a bucket brigade, how to improvise nets and ropes, how to enter a burning building, how to rescue human beings and animals, etc.), machinery, craftwork in wood, carpentry, civics, first aid, marksmanship, plumbing, path-finding, leatherworking, pioneering, camping, bird study, surveying, and first aid to animals. (The last two were additional subjects Crawford took up of his volition.)

Bird study was considered the most difficult for Scout Crawford because he was required to be able to distinguish, name and describe 50 different species of bird, some of which could be recognized supposedly only by hearing peculiar calls or songs. Yet, in presenting the merit badges to Scout Crawford, Mr. Clayton Chatters, then Assistant Scout Executive of the Flint Council, but now promoted to a higher Scout executive position in Illinois, declared that Norman's marks were far above the average.

Scout Crawford's optional selection of various merit badges indicated his mechanical turn of the mind. One of his best works was a miniature coast defense gun which actually worked. He made the gun out of steel, fashioning it out on machines in the industrial depart-

ment of the Michigan School for the Deaf during his one-and-a-half-hour period each day, the total of which consumed more than a month before the gun was completed. Unfortunately, the remarkable model was destroyed recently in a \$250,000 fire which occurred in a



Scout Norman Crawford, who is believed to be the first deaf Eagle Scout in the United States. Norman became a Tenderfoot Scout on December 17, 1923, the date of the official establishment of Troop No. 52, Michigan School for the Deaf; advanced to Second Class Scout, then to First Class Scout, to Star Scout (a First Class Scout who has had earned five merit badges), to Life Scout (who has had earned a total of fifteen merit badges), becoming an Eagle Scout (twenty-one badges) on June 9, 1925, the night he was graduated from the school. In the picture Norman is wearing his Eagle Scout badge. Norman's father, Mr. Jolly G. Crawford of Detroit, is Scoutmaster of Troop No. 54 of the Detroit Scout Council.

downtown building, a part of which was occupied by the local Boy Scouts headquarters.

At a summer camp of Boy Scouts of Flint at Pine Lake Reservation, where many hearing Scouts attended, Scout Crawford was twice voted the best athlete—each time in 1924 and 1925.

Besides Norman, there are other deaf Scouts who stand high in Scouting and may in due time earn their Eagle Scout badges. Among these is Andrew Hantow, a likeable and exceptionally bright chap, unusually ambitious in Scouting. At an exhibition of over 500 bird houses constructed by local Boy Scouts during a city-

inter-troop contest, Scout Hantow's house was adjudged the best wren type, for which the judges presented him with a handsome Scout knife as first prize. Scout Andrew has earned a total of merit badges and is well on his way to become a Life Scout.

In answer to my question for an opinion of the deaf Boy Scouts, Mr. Edwin L. Mason, Scout Executive of the Boy Scout of Flint, said:

"They are Scouts in every sense of the word. I have heard from Mr. Numbers, the principal of the

been my pleasure to see the hearing Scouts make a special effort to learn to talk to the deaf Scouts. Perhaps one reason for this is the spirit of Scouting, and the desire to be a real friend to every other Scout, but undoubtedly a great deal of it lies in the mental attitude of the deaf Scouts who were at the camp.

"It is hard to judge hard and fast standards in Scouting as all of our technical work is but a means to an end, namely, character building, citizenship training, and development of leadership. This hinges on our Scout Oath and Laws. In the technical side I believe the troop at the M. S. D. will compare favorably with our best and in the ethical side I believe it is on a par with our best.

"Very happily there exists among the deaf a comradeship not usually found elsewhere. As a general rule people working under a handicap refuse to accept the inevitable and allow their handicap to prey upon them, making them morose and sullen eventually. Some very wise leader among the deaf has at some time in the past laid the foundation to stamp this out and to impress upon the deaf that they may work and support themselves as capably as those who have hearing. Because of this unusual condition there is really no altruistic side to a Scout troop for the deaf. There only remains that idea that a deaf boy should not be deprived of the pleasures enjoyed by another boy because of this deafness.

"The troop of Scouts at the Michigan School for the Deaf is profiting. It is well and favorably known throughout the other troops in Flint, and it and its members are always welcome at any Scout function with its leaders. I believe that no small credit for the success of this troop should be given to Mr. O. C. Stevens, the Scoutmaster.

"It is always a pleasure for me to come in contact with the boys from Troop No. 52, Michigan School for the Deaf."

Everywhere you hear arguments over parking limits while you find just parking at all is the limit.

About 600 acres of wheat burned near Kimball, Neb., and it must have smelled something like biscuits being by a bride.



Scoutmaster Olive Clyde Stevens of Troop No. 52, M. S. D. He is an out-and-out sportsman; nothing pleases him better than to be out in the great outdoors, camping, hunting and fishing. These qualities particularly fit him for all-round leadership among the deaf Boy Scouts. Too much credit cannot be given Scoutmaster Stevens for his efforts in making a success of Scouting at M. S. D. Mr. Stevens is a graduate of Gallaudet College, having earned his B. A. and M. A. degrees.

school, that since the organization of the troop the members of it have stood at the head of their classes, and that not one of them has ever been sent to his office for discipline. To this it is my pleasure to add that not a single one of them has ever presented himself for an examination in Scouting when he was not thoroughly prepared.

"Their manual work shows a marked tendency to fulfill the spirit of the law as well as the letter of the law. I have not seen any work presented that was merely nearly right or something that might 'get by.' Every speck of their work is thorough and complete.

"A very unique experiment was conducted when some of the boys from the Michigan School for the Deaf attended our summer camp. There were some who thought that they would not enjoy themselves or profit by their camping experience, being shut off from the rest of the boys, but in two years' experience it has



Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Royal Durian in Akron, Ohio

Hunting and Trapping Big Game in Idaho

By BOB WHITE

(Part II—Continued from last month)

I HAD put out twenty-five sets the day previous, working away from the cabin in a half circle. In this manner a great deal of time is saved, as we could each start out in opposite directions, meeting at a point directly opposite the cabin, making the return trip together.

By "sets" I do not mean single traps, but two or three securely wired together to a single iron stake. When two traps are used it is called the "double" set; using three it is called the "triangle;" four is called the "square" set. When an animal is caught in a single trap it makes frantic efforts to escape, and in its struggles is caught in the other trap, making capture doubly certain. In more than one instance, I have seen them caught in three traps. If a single trap were used there are a great many chances in favor of the animal making its escape. The following morning it fell to me to make the rounds of the traps. Several sets were passed with no signs of their having been disturbed, then there were two places where the animal had escaped. One set contained a full grown coyote, which was soon dispatched by a shot from my .22 Colts, then after resetting the trap, threw the body across the horse and continued on my rounds, stopping now and then to kill several others, and by the time I reached the end of the line there were four coyotes lying across the horse. This was indeed a mighty good day's work with the traps, being worth about \$50.00, not including the nine muskrats caught the same morning.

The traps around the horse which Waho and her whelps had killed had not been disturbed, but we knew they were there and ready for action at the psychological moment.

A week passed, and it seemed as though Waho had disappeared, and Dallas chuckled. He took occasion to remind Gabe several time that all his efforts had been wasted; that the old she wolf had left the country, and was probably many miles away by this time.

"Gabe," I said, "how is it the coyotes don't get at that carcass? It's right there in plain sight and they can't fail to catch its scent."

"Well, Bawb," he replied; "When Ol Waho left that hoss she fixes it so kiote no bother it. Waho get that hoss, an' whe cum back an' eat; then Gabe gettum."

Weather conditions had been most propitious for trapping, as very little snow had fallen, but one afternoon the skies became overcast, and there was every indication that a severe snowstorm was about to break. Towards night it began to snow, and in the morning about a foot covered the ground. That night it seemed as though all the animals in the Blackfoot country had gathered along the river to serenade us, and high above the voices of the coyotes, we distinguished the cry of Waho and her whelps.

As I lie there on my bunk, I wondered if those wolves had returned to the old horse they had killed a short time ago; I wondered, too, if the old she-wolf knew what had become of her other whelp. "Hey thar, you Dallas, just you wait till mornin'." Gabe spoke up. "Ef I doan' get ol Waho or one o' her whelps w'en me go to traps, me miss my guess firs' time."

Gabe arose unusually early the next morning. I knew something out of the ordinary was transpiring. He didn't take his rifle, but buckled on his Colts, mounted, and was soon out of sight. In a short time I heard the unmistakable report of his .45, and knew that either Waho or one of her whelps' career was ended. The suspense was so great I

could not endure it any longer, so grabbed my field glasses and ran to the rise where I saw Gabe was busily engaged in resetting the traps, and beside him lay the huge form of a wolf.

He was greatly excited as he drew near, in fact, I never saw him more so, and when he reached into one of the pockets of his hunting coat and drew out the huge forepaw of a wolf, much larger than the one he had caught, I immediately realized that Waho had stepped in one of the traps, but had, with the cunning of her race, broken her leg, either intentionally or other wise. It seemed to have been snapped short off, and there were marks on it plainly showing she had not spared her teeth in making her escape.

When we reached the cabin Dallas was just getting out of his bunk, and when he saw that wolf; well, you can imagine his look—and what he said.

"Me gettum Ol' Waho b'fore night," Gabe said, "She got annuder trap fas' to hin' leg, but break loose and Mak' for hills. Me foller trail; can't go far, an' ef not go to den. I sure bring back. If she get in den, she stay long tam til foot get well, so Gabe mus' go ver' queek. W'en you hear rifle, you know I get hear, an' when you hear Colt two tam, queek, come with hoss."

I busied myself clearing away the breakfast dishes, then sat down and began skinning the muskrats, momentarily expecting to hear a shot, but after an hour's suspense, gave it up. Then the sound I had been waiting for came—two shots about fifteen seconds apart. Then two reports came in quick succession. The horse was saddled and in readiness, so no time was lost in starting. After traveling about two miles, the trail led into a heavily timbered canon, making difficult traveling. Soon after passing the worst of these obstructions I came upon Gabe, and at his feet lay Old Waho. I never saw a more fierce animal in all my experience as a hunter and trapper. Ever in death she seemed to gaze at us in malignant hatred through her half-closed, bloodshot eyes. Dismounting, I asked him if he were ready to start back to the cabin with the animal. Previous to this he had said nothing, but seemed to have been lost in deep reverie. It was then he spoke. "Bawb, me t'ink it best to leave Ol' Waho lay right here; see dem tracks," motioning their course with outstretched arm: "Ol' wolf 's babee mak' dem; babee foller mudder, try help her. W'en me get 'bout half mile from them, babee run fer hills. Bimeby babee cum back to mudder; go right up to her, get in trap."

Perhaps it was instinct or philosophy well founded which caused Gabe to change his plans, but it is a well-known fact that, when the mother is slain, the kindred of the wild will generally stick close to the neighborhood, Gabe didn't even remove the trap that still clung to the old wolf's leg, nor did he allow me to touch the body. We took the back trail, riding double, and were soon at the cabin, where Gabe immediately set about returning. This time he picked out three traps, all single, as a stake would not be needed in such a case, as each trap would be set independent of the other, that is, securely wired to the legs of the mother wolf, the weight of which was so great that it served as a drag, and no animal could get very far with it.

Old Waho and her whelps had reigned over the hills and valleys of the Blackfoot so long that the ranchers had about given up all hopes of outwitting her, but I knew her end was only a matter of time when we entered her hunt-

ing territory. She had outwitted others time and time again, and her arrogance grew with each victory. Being dog-like in the quality of her wits and long experience as a killer, she was able, through her craftiness and uncanny prescience, to evade the traps and rifles for her undoing, and although she had never been in close contact with her archenemy, man, his odor warned her of an unseen, threatening presence. Arrogant coward and sneak that she was she could prove a most dangerous enemy on occasion. She would have fought furiously if cornered, and would have attacked a man while ravenous with hunger.

THAT night the coyotes howled and barked as usual, but it was not until quite late when we heard the long, mournful cry of a lone wolf. We instinctively raised our eyes and looked at each other, for the sound seemed so different from those we had been accustomed to. Instead of the long-drawn, piercing howl, it seemed to be more drawn out, almost pitiful in the extreme rising high above the other voices of the night, then becoming lower and lower until it became a moan of anguish.

BAWB, we mus' get out 'o bunk earlier 'n usual," Gabe said, "fer we got las' o' Ol' Waho's family. We tak' hoss an' come back b'fore Dallas get out o' bunk."

And, in the morning, just as the first grey streaks heralded the approaching dawn, Gabe and I mounted and rode double to the spot where the old she wolf had fallen. Beside her lay her last pup—the last of the Waho family. It seemed as though all its violent hatred of man broke forth afresh as we drew near, and the pain of the biting steel that held its leg, intensified by its mad straining to advance toward us, seemed to drive it into a paroxysm of fury. And all this time the animal emitted the most frightful yells imaginable. But these tactics lasted only a few minutes, when the animal seemed to realize its end was near, and crouched down close beside its mother, motionless, its great yellow eyes fixed upon us.

As the bullet from Gabe's .45 pierced its brain, it gave one great upward leap, falling backward, struggling, and with each effort gradually drew nearer its mother, until, with one last despairing moan, fell dead directly across her body.

(To be continued)

The Chefoo School



Students and teachers, taken October 12, 1925. Two boys and one girl were absent. Those seated are teachers. Left to right—Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Dagao, Mrs. Lau, Miss Carter, Mr. Ning, Mr. Fri. Our first girl graduate—Miss Li Ying Tsaven is standing behind Mrs. Lau. Miss Li is also a teacher

Miss Carter the Principal of the School reports:—"Owing to war conditions and the fear of bandits in the country districts, more than ten per cent of our pupils failed to return when school opened in September. They gradually returned, however, and new admissions have brought us almost back to normal again.

Our mailing list has been revised and 800 circular letters were sent to the graduates of the Gallaudet College (for the deaf), and the friends who have supported our school in past years. Teachers and pupils helped fold and stamp the letters, and the steward cheerfully carried them in big market baskets to the post-office. With the letters have gone many prayers that they may be instrumental in interesting more deaf people in the "home land" in the deaf children of China.

Industrial classes have been re-arranged and correlated more closely to the class-room work, by placing a language teacher in charge who writes out instructions in Chinese ideo-graphs and Bell's visible speech symbols. This will tend to make the language lessons more interesting. Much more could be accomplished in all the departments of the school if our request for a trained teacher from one of the best schools for the deaf in the home land could by some magic become a reality.

Last year we put our need of a heating plant almost at the head of the list in the equipment necessary for comfort and health of both pupils and teachers. A new pipeless furnace installed last summer fills one-third of this need. Another furnace is needed in the recitation hall, and a third is needed in the boys dining room with pipes leading to their sleeping quarters.

Christmas was celebrated with even more enthusiasm than usual by teachers and pupils. A box from a friend in Philadelphia brought needle-books for the girls, pencils for the boys, and toys for the little ones. Two gifts of money for "treats" covered the cost of oranges, apples, peanuts, and sweets for every one. Another gift provide Bibles, and Hymn books for all the older pupils and helpers who did not have them. The children who needed hankerchiefs, towels, toilet soap, or tooth brush, found one of each in their Christmas parcel. Last but not least, a letter from America brought us the promise of a new type-writer.

Although the political situation affected the attendance of the school during the autumn, there is every prospect that there will be teachers in training and additional pupils when travelling conditions improve.

PUBLIC OPINION

By Dr. J. H. Cloud

IN AN EDITORIAL in one of the last October issues of the *Minnesota Companion* Superintendent Stevenson of the State School at Faribault stresses the need of honesty in statements concerning school activities and achievements. Under the heading of "Let's Be Honest" the SILENT WORKER for December puts editorial emphasis on the same line of thought and says, in the course of a comprehensive statement:

"A little more honesty along all lines in schools for the deaf would be a very healthy sign of progress. Over-enthusiastic proponents of both methods, oral and combined, frequently overstate results. . . . All exaggerations are likely to become boomerangs. . . . Some day there will be a day of reckoning when we shall have to prove our statements."

In the course of our long experience in educational work, over thirty years of it acquired here in St. Louis, we have never known the merits of the combined system to be overstated. It has been defended but only when unjustly assailed. Of necessity this defense has been emphatic, strong, discriminating, and practically continuous during the last forty years or so. Consult the proceedings of any outstanding organization of the deaf having to do with their general welfare and it will be found that the stand for the combined system, while determined, has been consistent and temperate. Other methods are given their proper place and their just due in the educational system, which is more than oralists of the Procustean type have ever been known to do. The course taken by the proponents of "pure oralism," "oralism in its strictest sense," "progressive oralism," constitutes the dark chapter in the education of the deaf in America and Europe. It abounds in extravagant claims, misrepresentation, deception, and downright lying in the effort to win public approval. When they cease to transgress beyond the bounds of honesty the controversy over the relative merits of methods and systems will end.

* * *

The following item is clipped from *The Nebraska Journal*, issue of last May:

MORE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, superintendent of the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, one of the deans in the education of the deaf of America, teacher and superintendent for more than fifty years, has this to say:

"Think in signs and there is no hope. Think in speech and the battle is won."

Miss Elizabeth Peet, professor in languages at Gallaudet College, a teacher of the deaf for many years, associated with the deaf all her life, says:

"The intelligent use of English is the important problem for the deaf of the United States."

May we, after thirty-six years experience, borrow a smile from the good old book and add:

"And there abideth signs, speech, English, these three; but greatest of these is English."—Utah Eagle.

English mastery is best acquired by the cultivation of the reading habit,—not by knocking the sign language. The sign-language has its own particular field and special use and is not necessarily in any way antagonistic to any other language read, written, or spoken. It whets the intellect, cultivates the imagination, promotes the desire for information, and adds immeasurably to the joy of living. The suppression of signs from play ground, auditorium, or platform brings about no proportional result in English. English mastery and sign mastery are too often found together to give the suppressionists a logical leg on which to stand.

* * *

About a year ago a statement went the rounds of the l.p.f. in which was listed the schools for the deaf founded by deaf persons and the names of the founders. In the SILENT WORKER for last July we produced the list with some additional comment. Since then we have discovered that the list was not complete, so we herewith re-publish it revised and amended:

- 1844, Indiana, William Willard.
- 1846, Georgia, John L. Flournoy.
- 1861, Kansas, Philip A. Emery.
- 1868, Arkansas, Joseph Mount.
- 1869, Nebraska, W. H. French.
- 1870, Oregon, William S. Smith.
- 1870, New England Industrial, W. B. Sweet.
- 1875, Chicago Day School, Philip A. Emery.
- 1875, Cincinnati Day School, R. P. MacGregor.
- 1875, Central New York, Alphonso Johnson.
- 1876, Western Pennsylvania, A. Woodside.
- 1878, St. Louis, (Gallaudet), Delos A. Simpson.
- 1880, South Dakota, James A. Simpson.
- 1882, Scranton, Pa., J. M. Koehler.
- 1883, New Jersey, Peter B. Gulick*
- 1884, Utah, H. C. White.
- 1884, Northern New York, H. C. Rider.
- 1885, Florida, T. H. Coleman.
- 1885, New Mexico, L. M. Larson.
- 1890, North Dakota, A. R. Spear.
- 1912, Arizona, H. C. White.

*Mr. Gulick, although he did much to get the school started, never held a position in the school.

Other schools no longer in existence had deaf founders, notably, the Evansville, Ind., Day, founded in 1886 by Charles Kerney and discontinued several years later. H.

C. White has two state schools to his credit. P. A. Emery is credited with a state school and a day school. Brothers founded the St. Louis Day and the South Dakota State Schools, Messrs. MacGregor, D. A. Simpson, White, Coleman, and Larson graduated from Gallaudet College,—so did Mr. Kerney. Messrs. Koehler and Spear attended the College for a while. All the deaf founders were succeeded by hearing teachers except in the cases of the St. Louis and Evansville Day Schools. The Evansville School was discontinued under Mr. Kearney's successor. The St. Louis Day had three principals in succession,—Mr. Simpson 10 years, Mr. MacGregor 1 year, and Mr. Cloud 32 years,—the record for a deaf man as head of a school.

Histories of American Schools for the Deaf published in 1893 by the Volta Bureau makes no mention of the founding of the Cincinnati Day School by Mr. MacGregor. However, he founded it and was for six years its head, resigning to take a similar position at the Colorado School in 1881. The history of the Cincinnati School dates from 1886 when it started out as an oral school thereby, by implication, as in the case of the Clarke School at Northampton, consigning all previous efforts at education of the deaf to the stone age.

* * *

At the time of the convention of the Nebraska Association of the deaf at Omaha last September 3—5, the *Omaha World Herald* had the following to say editorially:

WHEN THE DEAF HEAR

What is that strange sense which permits a deaf person to feel the rhythm of music when he cannot hear?

A feature of the annual convention of the Nebraska Association of the Deaf was a ball at which the customary orchestra played in the usual manner. And the dancers moved in harmony with it as perfectly as though every person on the floor were endowed with a fully developed hearing.

One explanation is that many deaf persons hear just enough to catch the beat of the music and that those who cannot hear have developed an inner sense of rhythm which enables them to dance without music. Another says the dancer feels the rhythm through the floor. Whatever it is there seems to be some means of perception not granted to the hearing persons, something akin to the wonderful sense of touch which many blind persons develop.

* * *

While our friends, the deaf, do not pretend to a belief that they are specially favored in their deafness, the manner in which they have tackled the world as their oyster and succeeded in opening its shell indicates that they do not feel themselves under any insuperable affliction. There are sometimes felt to be compensations in deafness other than the quickening of other perceptive faculties. Thomas Edison, it is told, was informed that his deafness could be cured by a simple operation. When the time came for the operation he backed out, not because he feared the ordeal, but because he had come to the conclusion that deafness was an advantage to him. He had learned, he said, to concentrate upon his work undisturbed by the noises about him. Liberation into the world of sound he feared would therefore be a distinct detriment.

The following excellent suggestion is from *The Silent Hoosier*:

DEAF AUTO-DRIVERS

Every Superintendent should seek an opportunity to ride in an automobile with a deaf person as driver. He is almost sure to be called on sooner or later for an expression of opinion as to whether or not the deaf should drive automobiles.

Every Superintendent speaking from sentiment and interest will defend the deaf person as a driver of automobiles. Now if he can add to this the real experience of sitting in the seat with the driver while he directs his car through the streets of a crowded city, he can be so much more emphatic and sure of what he says.

Frequently we have enjoyed this experience and got out of it real pleasure.

All of the deaf with whom we have ridden are careful drivers and the public need have no fear from their deafness.

That is it. Know the deaf and what they can do. The troubles of the deaf are multiplied by the ignorance of those in position and power who decide adversely without any fundamental knowledge of what they are doing. The education of the public as to the deaf is the outstanding need and problem of the day.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

Industrial Education for the deaf is fully as important as literary education. The latter is of little use as a means of making a living unless supplemented by the former. A well rounded education for the deaf requires technical training in some chosen trade of the highest degree. Failing to acquire this his education is an essential element of all education, and is in harmony with the progress of educational thought and practice in the departments of education. This broad-minded administration of the public is now being experienced in the high schools of towns and cities, as witness their splendid manual training departments and highly paid instructors. The deaf youth in greater need of just this kind of training than does his does his hearing bother.—*Dr J. L. Smith in the Minnesota Companion.*

BUSINESS

Mrs. L.—“Isaac! Isaac! I can hear a man snoring under the bed! He must be a burglar!”

Mr. L.—“Hush, Rebecca! Don't wake him, an' den ve vill charge him for a night's lodgin' in the morning!”



Mrs. Charles C. McMann, observing weather conditions on S. S. Mongolia en-route to California

ANGELENOGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT

IN A BOOK of golf stories "Fore!" by Charles E. Van Loan, is one which suggests the query, "Why don't deaf men and women go in more for golf?" There are a few instances of deaf men and women belonging to Country Clubs and playing golf, but the expense of being a member of such a club is the drawback which keeps out many who might become expert at this popular pastime. That book was loaned to me by a deaf woman friend whose husband used to play golf, and the said (deaf) husband was given the book a year ago as a Christmas present by a deaf man friend. My friend told

they had allowed him to become a sort of autocrat, a golfing Pooh-Bah, a self-appointed committee of one with arbitrary powers. Without going into detail here of his way of playing golf it will be enough to say that "He has made a lifelong study of the various ways in which an opponent may be annoyed and put off his game and he is the acknowledged master of all of them."

The Major, however, proved a disappointment as to his golfing and was not at all sociable. "When at the club he spent all his time sitting on the porch and staring at the mountains in the distance. When



David Bennett Brown, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., in costume he wore at Anniversary Ball, November 20, 1925, of the Los Angeles Athletic Club of the Deaf.

me about the story one day which struck me as a good one and out of the ordinary.

An exclusive club, the Yavapai Golf and Country Club, admitted a new member, a certain Major Cuthbert Eustace Lawes, D. O. S. It was understood that he was a retired infantry officer in poor health "and he brought with him a Hindu servant with his head wrapped up in about forty yards of cheese cloth, an unquenchable thirst, some gilded letters of introduction from big people, and a hobnail liver. He was proposed by two of our financial moguls and passed the membership committee without a whisper of dissent."

"This old bird," said Waddles, "is probably a cracking good go golfer. Nearly all Englishmen are." Waddles is a member of whom it is said that

he spoke, which was seldom, it was in a thin, hesitating treble, reminiscent of a strayed sheep, and he had an exasperating habit of leaving a sentence half finished and beginning another one. When addressed he usually jumped half out of his chair and said something like this:

"Eh? Oh! God-bless-me! God-bless-me! What say?"

Three of the club members were watching him one afternoon through a window of the lounging room, which commanded a view of the porch. As usual, Waddles was doing most of his talking.

"Ain't he the study in still life, eh?—with the accent on the still—get me? Still! Ho, ho! Not bad a bit—Gaze upon him, gentleman, the world's most consistent rum hound! He hasn't moved a muscle

in the last hour except to lift that glass. Wonderful type of the athletic Englishman, what—oh? Devoted to sports and pastimes, my word, yes." Sociable as an oyster! I tried to get him opened up the other day. He's been in India and Africa and everywhere else, they tell me, and I thought he might want to gas about his experiences. War stuff. Nothing stirring. A frost. Kiddled him about the Boers,



Group at the Thompson's Party, Nov. 22, 1925

and the way the embattled farmers hung it on perfidious Albion. All he did was stare at me with those fishy eyes of his and make motions with his Adam's apple! Ever notice the way he watches you when you're talking to him? It's enough to make a man nervous! A major, eh? If he was a major, I wonder what the shave-tail lieutenants were like!" One of the listeners made the wise remark, "You can't tell much about an Englishman by looking at him."

Nothing in particular happens until the Major's nephew Cyril comes to visit him and coaxes him out to play and then they are invited to the Invitation Tournament, the big show of the year. I would have to make too long quotations, and the "golf language" would bore the average reader if I followed all the steps in the story, so I will have to skip a lot and come to the day when Waddles played in a match with Cyril. Once more to quote—"Having found his weak spot Waddles never let up for an instant. Talk, talk, talk; his flow of conversation was as irritating as a neighbor's phonograph, and as incessant. I wondered that Cyril contained himself as well as he did until I remembered that it is tradition with the English to lose as silently as they win.

The Major, who saw it all, addressed but one remark to me. It was on the tenth hole, and Waddles was showing Cyril why he had topped an iron shot.

"Look here," said the Major, jerking a thumb at Waddles, "does he always do this sort of thing? Talk so much, I mean?"

I replied, and quite truthfully, that it depended on the way he felt. The Major grunted, and that ended the conversation. The match was wound up on the thirteenth; Cyril shook hands, complimented

Waddles on his game, and made a bee line for the clubhouse. Nobody could blame him for not wanting to finish the round. Waddles tagged along at his elbow, gesticulating, explaining the theory of golf, even offering to illustrate certain shots with which Cyril had had trouble.

The Major and Waddles played the next day in the finals, which match is described in great detail and Waddles was beaten. The description of the dinner some of the members had that night at the club will explain why we were so interested in a golf story.

"The Major began the gab-fest," said Waddles. When the coffee "He started chattering like a magpie and trying to rattle me, and naturally I went back at him with the same stuff. I'll admit that he outgeneralled me by giving me that put on the second hole, but the thing that finally grabbed my angora was his infernal concentration. Why, he actually asked me to stand behind him and criticise his swing—while he was shooting, mind you! Asked me to do it! And when I saw that he went along steady as the rock of Gibraltar—well, I blew, that's all. I went to pieces. The thing reacted on me. I'll bet that old rascal could listen to you all day long—and never top a ball!

"You'd lose that bet," said Jay quietly.

"How do you mean—lose it?" demanded Waddles, bristling. I talked my head off, and he didn't top any, did he?"

"No; and he didn't listen any either. As a matter of fact you could have fired a cannon off right at his hip without making him miss a shot."

"You don't mean to tell me——" said Waddles, gaping.

Jay laughed unfeelingly.



Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Thompson, of Owensmouth, California, on their 25th wedding anniversary

"You had a fat chance of talking the old Major out of anything!" said he. "He hasn't advertised it much, because he's rather sensitive about his affliction; but he's ——"

"Deaf!" gulped Waddles.

"As a post," finished Jay.

Waddles' jaw dropped.
 There was a long, painful silence.
 Then Waddles crooked his finger at the waiter.
 "Boys!" he called. "Bring me this dinner
 check!"

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Deaf friends of Los Angeles gave Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Thompson, formerly of New York City, a surprise party on Nov. 22, their wedding anniversary

A few years ago there was established the first of what are known as the "Runnymede Colonies" of California. This was at the outskirts of the city of Palo Alto, only thirty miles from San Francisco. A subdivision of one hundred and fifty acres was taken up, and eight months later a second and then a third subdivision was made available for home-seeker. For the most part, each home represents but a small landholding, the majority of them are one-acre enterprises each supporting a colony of hens or a berry patch. They claim to have demonstrated the truth of the assertion that "One acre of land, made full use of, is sufficient to assure an industrious man a good living, a life income, provision for declining years, and still permit him ample time for the pleasures that renew youth and make life worth while." The third Runnymede Colony is in the San Fernando Valley, about twenty miles from the corporate limits of Los Angeles near the little town of Reseda. One hundred and sixty acres were subdivided and sold in holdings of one, two, five or more acres. Mr. Howard L. Terry bought an acre in this Colony a few years ago, and found the soil very productive, but he only spent part of his time there, retaining his home in Hollywood. In this vicinity is the \$100,000 home now owned and occupied by Edga Rice Burroughs, author of "Tarzan of the Apes," and other noted works of fiction. A little beyond Reseda and near the town of Owensmouth is another Co-operative colony, The Charles Weeks Poultry Colony. Among the colonists is a deaf couple, the former New Yorkers, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Thompson, who have a one-acre ranch there. They always express themselves as being satisfied with their venture and enjoy good health, resulting from being so much out of doors. A number of their Los Angeles friends went out and surprised them on November 22nd, on their 25th wedding anniversary, giving them some silver gifts, and the worthy couple were much pleased at the remembrance. The accompanying pictures were taken by Mr. C. C. McMann, also a former New Yorker.

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A banquet in honor of the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was held in Los Angeles, on De-

cember 10th, at Paulais a famed Broadway cafe. It was under the auspices of the Gallaudet Club, whose members are graduates and ex-es of Gallaudet College. They have monthly meetings at each other's homes, and this is the first large public affair they have attempted. A portrait of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet hung in the banquet hall, which lent impressiveness to the reference the speakers made to his life and work. About seventy-five were present, the approach of Christmas lessening the attendance, but those present had a worthwhile evening. Mr. Winfield S. Runde, a teacher at the Berkeley, Calif. School was the guest of honor. The following was the program of toasts and speakers, Mr. Ora Blanchard acting as Toastmaster.

On Gallaudet's birthday (poem)
Mrs. Raymond Stillman
 Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet
Prof. Winfield S. Runde
 "Owls"Mrs. Ernest Bingham
 T. H. Gallaudet and his sons Edward and Thomas
Mr. Charles C. McMann
 The Sign LanguageMr. Albert V. Ballin
 An anecdote of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet
Miss Lenore Bible
 The MagnetMr. Waldo H. Robert
 Cary on the work of the Gallaudets
Mr. Lawrence James
 I'm Thankful (poem)
Mrs. Kenneth Willman

Deaf poets are the authors of the two poems recited. Dr. J. Schuyler Long wrote "On Gallaudet's birthday" and it was published in his book of verse "Out of the Silence." T. G. Arden, (Tegarden) is the author of "I'm Thankful." Incidentally it may be remarked that much of the detail of arranging for the banquet fell to Lawrence James, a labor of love which he performed cheerfully.

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One of the representative and promising young deaf men of Los Angeles is David Bennett Brown. He was educated at the Albany, N. Y., Oral School and Le Couteulx St. Mary's School for the Deaf at Buffalo, N. Y., from which latter school he graduated in 1911. He was always fond of athletics and founded the Buffalo Silent Athletic Club.



Group at the Thompson Party

During the Knights of De L'Epee Convention and Re-union held at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1915, he was quietly married to Miss Eleanor Baldwin, of Lander, Wyoming. She was educated at Berkeley, California, and Le Couteulx St. Mary's School. They lived at Buffalo, for a year, then moved to Akron,

Ohio, where Mr. Brown was employed at the Good-year Tire and Rubber Co., for two and a half years. They moved to Los Angeles in 1919 and have made their home here since then and he has been employed at the new Goodyear Factory as Truck Tire Builder for five years. In 1922 Mrs. Brown's father presented them with a lovely seven-room bungalow. They have two winsome daughters, Margaret, nine, and Virginia, two years of age. They are members of the Ephpheta Sodality, of St. Joseph's Church, and of the Los Angeles Athletic Club of the Deaf and Mr. Brown is a member of the Knights of De L'Epee.

The Ephpheta Sodality organized last February has been holding meetings once a month. Their chaplain is Father Callahan, who is learning the sign language. Father Gehl, of St. John's Institute near Milwaukee, is coming to hold a mission in January. A visit to the Sodality on December 13 found them conducting the meeting during the absence of the chaplain who was ill in a hospital. There was a good attendance and they held their election of officers, electing the following: President, Douglas Mitchelson; Vice President, Mrs. Julius Bente; Secretary, Miss Madeline Spranger; Treasurer, Harry Whalen; Chairman of the Trustees, David Brown; Trustees, Peter Doodson and Miss Elizabeth Kenaley.

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The Los Angeles Street Railway Company twice a month prints a little leaflet "Azuride," which is placed in boxes on the cars labeled "Take one." It is supposed to establish better relations between the Company and the public and contains facts about street car service and "thoughts by the trolley philosopher." A recent issue had the following story about a little deaf girl:

A street car may get so crowded that there is hardly room for doubt or an inspiration, but there is always room for a smile. Just to show you how a smile can fit into busy moments, we reproduce part of a letter received from a good friend on the Eagle Rock end of Line "E" regarding a conductor:

"About a month ago I observed a little deaf-mute girl on his car. He had to take the fare from her handkerchief. On the following day I again observed this little girl and saw the conductor present her with a little purse. It was a treat to notice the joy on the little girl's face."

The purse did not represent a great outlay of money. It represented something more valuable—a kindly soul and the ability to see his job as an opportunity to do a few good turns as well as earn the day's bread and butter.

Conductor Frank Clavin, who received this "Bouquet" dignifies cap number 2738. He is one of 2,400 trainmen on the yellow cars, but the fact that letters commending trainmen for courtesy have exceeded the letters charging discourtesy every month this year, indicates that he is quite typical of the majority.

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Prof. Winfield S. Runde, of the faculty of the Berkeley School for the Deaf, delivered an interesting lecture at the Los Angeles Silent Club, on December, 12th. "The Mist of the Ages" was the topic. He told of the way the deaf were regarded and treated in ancient times, and after mentioning some of the great men of history, came down to the two in whom the deaf are most interested, Thomas Gallaudet and Edward Miner Gallaudet. The latter part of his address was about the need of raising

the funds for the E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Hall at the College, in Washington, D. C. The campaign to collect Los Angeles Quota of the fund is under way in charge of Mrs. Alice T. Terry and Messrs. James and Blanchard. Mr. Runde showed how the non-collegians were also benefitted by Dr. Gallaudet's work and made an appeal for all the deaf to help in raising California's quota.

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Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer. The Los Angeles Silent Club had their Christmas tree and party on Dec. 19. Some three hundred were present and after an appropriate program boxes of candy and apples were distributed. The Athletic Club for the deaf had their tree and party on Dec. 23. The Sonneborn family played "Santa Claus," that is—Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn gave large jars of candy to the members and Mrs. Matilda Sonneborn gave candy and gifts to children of the members under twelve years of age. The Athletic Club, which is open every day, also had a merry Watch Night party on New Year's Eve. Some of us left the Club at 11 o'clock to go and watch the crowds parading up and down Broadway, from Third to Ninth Street, from which area autos had been barred from 6 to 2 o'clock. All sorts and conditions of men, women and children were milling around, blowing horns, throwing confetti, etc., but the scene was not one of such wild revelry as I had supposed, from tales told about it. A gentleman in our party said it was tame to the one he witnessed two years ago; there were a great many extra police around and a determined effort had been made to keep Los Angeles "dry" by the prohibition agents.

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Frank L. Burson is a clever cartoonist who should have been mentioned in the October "Art Number" of the Worker. He is one of the most enthusiastic boosters of the Los Angeles Athletic Club of the Deaf. He is also a booster for the Frats and for several years served as Treasurer of Los Angeles Division. He was once a professional baseball player. Mr. Burson was educated at the Kansas School for the Deaf, finishing at the Illinois School. His cartoons are the product of some of his leisure hours as he has another bread-winning job. Several of his comic pages have appeared in the Silent Worker, and are as good or better as those we see in the daily newspapers and Mr. Burson should keep on developing this talent for caricature.

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Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Terry, of Los Angeles, and their two sons Howard and Victor, will leave for a trip to Europe about the middle of April. Their transportation has been engaged and they will sail via the Panama Canal to New York City, thence to Europe to be gone about six months. A brother of Mr. Terry's has been living in Paris the past fifteen years and of course will be of great assistance to them in seeing that city. Both are well known by their contributions to the deaf press.

Mrs. Howard L. Terry, President of the California Association of the Deaf, recently sent out a letter and questionnaire to the deaf of the state telling about a Radio Night she has arranged. She says, in part, "I hope by it to settle the oft repeated question, 'Can the deaf benefit by radio?'" On Monday evening, January 4, 1926, at 9:30 o'clock,

I shall have my message, "Shall We too Enjoy Radio?" broadcasted from KGO, Oakland Studio, in Oakland, Calif.

All the deaf are requested to try and listen in. If you have no radio in your home go to the nearest one in your neighborhood, and give it a test. See if you can hear or feel the sound. Be sure to give it a thorough test. Then write your answers under the questions below. Mail at once to me, using enclosed addressed envelope. We are sure to reap beneficial results from this test.

The result of this experiment is awaited with interest and it is high time the deaf do something to stop the flood of misrepresentation about them and radio.

The Unwelcome Deaf-Mute

BY THOS. W. HAMRICK, JR.

There's a deaf-mute in the hearing world
Who is turned down
Wherever he wanders.
He does not get the glad hand in the populous town,
Or out where the laborers toil:
He is not greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand,
And deep in the aisles of the forests.
Wherever he wanders, there's nowhere to be seen a hand
to welcome him.
The hearing world moves on and on,
Never seeming to welcome him.
Opportunity, the gods, everything seem to desert him on
the brink of a moment;
Wherever he wanders, his thoughts are far, far away.
He encounters bitterness on every hand;
He struggles but in vain;
Much to his shame and horror
His failures are recorded day by day;
Why should he be treated so meanly, so well by the
hearing world?
He hungers for a little kindness, a little help to make
his lot in life easy.
When he tells a story of woe, he receives attention;
When he finishes, in the face he gets a slap.
On and on he wanders, meeting nothing but thorns
thrown onto his pathway.
Somebody seems to be shouting at him,
These words, painful words—
"You are not wanted. Get out."
On and on, again and again, he continues his journey;
Where his feet are leading he does not know.
There's one—who is not greeted with love-lighted eyes—
He's the deaf-mute.
He can deliver the goods, but his services are not wanted;
From continent to continent he is known;
From sea to sea he is kicked;
From village to village he is chased;
From city to city he is ridiculed;
He's no other than the deaf-mute.
On life's highway all have an equal chance at the start,
But many paths open up, claiming that one and this one,
As the great procession moves by;
An equal chance at the start, achievements, success never
came his way;
And at the end of the road he trembles with fear, dreading
the path intended for all the deaf-mutes,
Be they of all races, all creeds, all customs.
Every now and then he falls by the wayside,
Only to rise again and again;

The battles he is fighting are too strong for him.
His voice has left him;
His lips are parted but dumb;
His ears are shut;
He's the deaf-mute.
He has walked the crowded streets of cities,
the main streets of towns and hamlets.
He is like a man with bowed head, aimless step;
To him the air is cold and clear;
To him the sky is dazzlingly beautiful.
Onto his pathway the sun shines brilliantly;
Sorrow lines his countenance.
By the roadside he falls
With his face downward.
As he lay, a flood of memories comes over him;
Memories, memories of long ago—these hard years.
Of everything he has been cheated;
Fame never came his way;
The applause of the world never was his;
He has been on every ocean, in every land.
Yet he is the deaf-mute, unwanted and unwelcomed.
He has done the hardest, the dirtiest work in the fields,
the foundries, the factories;
He has endured unspeakable hardships;
He has never been appreciated;
Folks, friends seem to desert him;
These are his last reviews of his own life,
As he lay in the ditch.
From the ground he rises on his feet;
His eyes take a last glance at the land of his birth;
Then he looks upward toward the sky of blue;
He sees the clouds far, far away,
With his eyes pointing heavenward,
As his feet give away, his body falling to earth
To rise no more.

Mrs. Richleigh—Why is it, doctor, that the weather has more depressing effect on me than on most people?

Doctor—Because, madam, you have more time to think about it.—Boston Transcript.



Gandchild of Minnie Mickle Howard, first wife of Jay C. Howard, of Duluth, Minn. Picture taken January 30. Please note there is no snow and grandpa Howard is in his shirt sleeves, which bears out the assertion he made that the mercury was above 50 zero. Duluth is not so near the North Pole as some people think

THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson



ART may be expressed in various ways, but for the deaf it usually appears in a concrete form. There must be something that the eye can see, and as art it is then a thing of beauty. Sculpture is one of these, and as such most of the work of Douglas Tilden has appeared in print so often as to be easily recognizable.

In Lakeside Park, Oakland, snuggled comfortably within the shrubbery of the bowling greens, is a fountain, bearing twelve plates by Tilden, representing twelve stages in the age of man. These depict mankind from the cradle to the grave. No more beautiful setting for a fountain could be devised, and is a credit to Oakland, which has been none too generous towards artists or appreciative of their works.



This fountain beautifully nestled in Lakeside Park, Oakland, bears twelve plaques by Douglas Tilden. These plaques represent twelve ages of man, running from the cradle to the grave

Operating upon a more humble but perhaps more practical plane of art is Melvin Davidson. Without any previous preparation and with practically no capital, Mr. Davidson has constructed two houses, which are as far as houses go, works of beauty, if not of art. Melvin calls himself a contractor, and his ideas as to how houses should be built have been obtained by observation. He must have the artistic sense developed far beyond that of the ordinary contractor, as his houses, designed by himself, are much above the usual run of such structures. His first house, a cottage of Spanish design, was sold almost as soon as completed; his second effort, a more pretentious dwelling is now nearing completion. The illustrations accompanying this article should show that Mr. Davidson, with an ordinary run of luck ought to be successful in this new field of endeavor.



Not so many years ago, nor yet so many weeks or days, an earnest young man, named Youth, set forth, even as had his predecessors from time immemorable, in quest of Happiness. Came he to a branching of the roads where forked Hearing Boulevard, Sign Language Avenue, and Oral Lane. Across Hearing Boulevard there stretched an impenetrable barricade marked 'Closed for Traffic'. Long the youth gazed and earnestly at the other highway signs which read 'Sign Language Avenue, Best Temporary Route' and 'Oral Lane, Dangerous but Passable'. For he was sore perplexed.

From his pocket Youth drew forth his guide book and read it carefully. Nor did he advance, but stood silently pondering, whilst from the fields there drew near an aged but agile man.



A closer view of the Lakeside Park fountain, showing the Tilden plaques around the base. There are those who consider these plaques the best work of art in Oakland.

"You seem sorely perplexed," said the elderly person, May I enquire the cause?"

"Indeed I am," answered Youth, "for my guide book speaks of Oral Lane and mentions not Language Avenue and it refers to Oral Lane as a safe and permanent highway. I fear these other highway signs are wrong."

"Fear not these signs," replied the old man, "I can vouchsafe that they are correct."

"But my guide book has been prepared by the world renowned firm of Theory, Conclusion and Company," said the youth, "How can you doubt them?"

To this the old man answered, "I care not for your guide books printed far away; I have trod these roads, these many years, and what these signs say, that say I."

Youth gazed in wonder at the convincing words of the other, and then he asked, "Who, pray, may you be?"

"I," said the old man, with that far away look in his eyes that betokened the results of ages, "I am Experience."

Some three decades ✧ ✧ ✧ Argonaut's father had a string of race horses, as they say in the vernacular of the turf. In his stable there was a mighty good horse by the name of Royal Flush. Royal Flush was a great weight



This Spanish bungalow is Melvin Davidson's first effort as a contractor. Devised and built by himself, without any training beyond that of his own observation, this building shows that Mr. Davidson has artistic talents that may be developed. The bungalow was sold shortly after completion

packer and a speedy one at that, but he had the distressing habit of pulling up in three legs, the ankle of his left front leg soon bearing a resemblance as far as shape went to a fair sized canteloupe. I am particular to specify which leg it was to show that I can still remember it even after his lapse of time.

To get Royal Flush ready for the next race it was necessary to reduce his leg to something like normal proportions, plastering the leg in blue mud imported from Colorado had some effect; standing the horse in the salty waters of the Pacific Ocean, forenoons or afternoons of every day was better. But the surest remedy for reducing the swelling, and one which produced results in one or two weeks time, was to throw a stream of cold water for hours at a stretch upon the swollen ankle. Many an hour have I held the hose, which accounts for my keen memory of the operation.

But to get back to the racing end, there came a race which Royal Flush won and didn't win. The jockey "weighed in" before the race at the correct weight assigned him, but "weighed out" after the race $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds short. The judges were willing to make allowances of a difference of one pound in weight, and no more, so notwithstanding the fact that the rider was then rated the most skillful jockey on this continent they ruled him off the turf. Tod Sloan was his name and it was scarcely a year hence that he became the greatest rider in the British Isles and pal of the King of England.

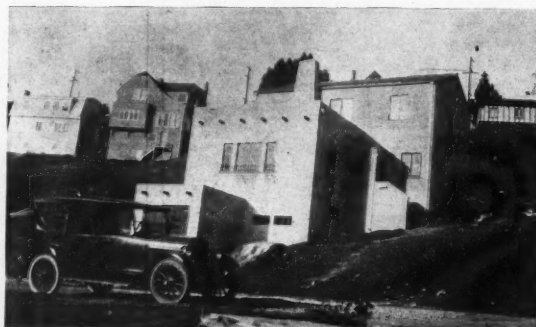
After this race the stable men succeeded in getting Royal Flush's game leg down in short order, so that he was ready for a second race in about a week. With Tod Sloan on the ground, as they say, a new rider had to be found. This was R. Isom, a little colored lad, who weighed scarcely eighty pounds. Royal Flush as usual was assigned a heavy impost and to make up this weight, there was placed under the saddle a pad of lead foil weighing forty pounds. The groom in the paddock who saddled Royal Flush neglected to run the surcingle through the opening in the lap of the pad with the result that on the very first turn of the track, pad and lead slipped

off. With his greatly lightened load, Royal Flush won in a canter, but now instead of weighing out $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds short, the rider was more than 40 pounds shy.

It was up to the judges to do something and do it quick. So they ruled off the turf the writer's father, who had maintained an unblemished connection with tracks and horses for forty years. However, the suspension was lifted in a couple of weeks as it became evident that lightning will strike twice in the same place, and the old man finished another decade with untarnished reputation. And say, he was some old man, known everywhere it seems to me. As we would walk down the streets of any western city, he would be stopped at every block by chance acquaintances. "Who was that man, papa?" I would inquire. "How should I know?"

Well, this leads up to what I have before remarked, that lightning does strike twice in the same place. Having driven my car for three years and three months without having scratched another car, it was smashed by a hearing driver, who, however, paid all repairs. Then with the car restored to the roads, but scarcely on them more than a month, what should happen, but it should be hit again. Only this time Mrs. Argonaut was driving, and the smashee was another female of the species. The latter was quick to take all blame, saying the sun was shining in her eyes and she too paid all damages. So what was that I said about lightning? Now that our car is again functioning there are those who say we are twice lucky in having no damages or repairs to pay. Yet there are others who think the car is hoodooed and we would do well to dispose of it off.

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This larger structure, not quite complete, is Mr. Davidson's second effort at building construction. Located on a hillside it commands a good view of part of Oakland. It is a house distinctive by itself and shows that Mr. Davidson has original ideas which he is not afraid to incorporate in concrete form.

THE WRONG TEXT BOOK

"Here, Tommy," said the father, "what are you doing in that bookcase?"

"I want to find a history of the United States."

"What for?"

"Well, Billy Jenkins says Tim Reilly pitched for the Nationals last year, and I want to find out if he did."

"I say, dad," said Arthur gravely, "if I planted this pip would an orange tree come up?"

"In time, my son," was the reply.

"That's funny," said Arthur, "'cos,—'cos its a lemon-pip!"

No girl is an old maid until she ties up the porch swing to let her sisters have a chance.

The LONG HORNS

"The eyes of Texas are upon you."

By Troy E. Hill

"DALLAS I LOVE YOU"

*In the heart of Dixie land,
There's a place that's simply grand.
If you go there once you will go a-gain,
When you go there twice there's no telling
When you'll be moving there to stay.
Everybody gets that way.
For they hear a welcome ringing,
And they hear the folks all singing.*

Chorus.

*Dallas, I love you,
Tell you why I do, with your Southern hospitality.
Like the girl who means so much to me, you're growing
Closer to my heart.
And have right from the start,
For you're right down in the Dixie Zone,
You're a little heaven all your own,
DALLAS, I LOVE YOU.*



An informal snap of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Flint Mrs. Flint who is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James H. Cloud of St. Louis, Mo., does practically all the interpreting for the Dallas deaf people and likes to have her picture in the paper about the same way a bull likes red, which is very, very much.



ONCE upon a time, (that's the way all fairy tales begin, but this isn't a fairy tale) there was a young deaf boy, hardly out of his teens, who had by hard work saved himself a little nest egg, with which he purchased, or rather paid the first payment upon a cozy little home, in which he placed his young wife and babe. Being of a trusting nature this young fellow soon had deaf men and women as roomers in his home, and so he thought was living an enjoyable life. But lo! one day it came to his attention that some of his so-called friends were breaking up his home, and along about the same time a terrible catastrophe took the life of one of his immediate family. Desiring to return to his home to be with his family in its time of bereavement, the young fellow endeavored to sell the equity which he had in the home,

and did in truth and in fact sell same, but alas! the poor boob, sold it to a fellow deaf man without having witnesses to the transaction and without having the friend sign any kind of a written instrument, taking the deaf man, whom he considered a good friend, at his word that he would pay the balance in a given time, and left for his home town. No sooner was he out of the state than the man who purchased the place refused to live up to his promises and refused to sign a note of any kind, cheating the young fellow out of at least two-thirds of the price for which it was agreed the equity was sold.

Moral: Take nobody at his word, deaf or otherwise. When a transaction of money is concerned, make them put it down on paper, and you hold the paper.

...



Miss Kathleen, dressed as Cupid, a costume she wore when she acted as presenter at the Shower given Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Bishop, last summer, when they arrived in Dallas after their brief honeymoon in southern Texas. Although she can hear, Miss Kiti is an excellent sign slinger for her age of four summers.

Texas' quota of the "Edward Miner Gallaudet Memorial" fund is \$1672.00, and for the life of me I don't know where the committee on the ways and means expects us to raise that amount. In the state of Texas, there are something like twenty deaf persons who have had the advantage of attending college, not counting the writer. I never had that advantage. I was only a four months old "Rat" when I left the campus, and since my own classmates later voted to refuse me the privilege of buying the class pennant, or to buy a watch fob with the class numerals on it, I do not consider myself an Ex- in any sense of the word. Outside of the comparatively few deaf



Some of the bathing beauties

persons in Texas who have had the advantage of attending college, there are very few who will be willing to dig down in their jeans, and fork over more than \$1.00 per deafie, and right here I want to say a word to the graduates of Gallaudet College all over this fair land of ours. If you expect the rank and file of the deaf people to contribute to funds for the college, you will have to stop highhatting them; get down off your self-established pedestal, and accept the rank and file of the deaf people as is their due, that is an equal footing with yourself. There are many deaf people in this country who never went to college who have more common sense than a good many of the graduates, and all of them are entitled to the respect of those who have had better chances to secure education than they have. Thank God, there are practically none of those college graduates in this part of the country who assume that they are the cream of life itself, and the southwest is to be congratulated that college education has not swelled the heads of that few of its people who have gone up, but taken as a whole there are many college graduates, exes, etc., all over the country who are continually puffing up themselves and saying, as Bro. Pach puts it, "I am educated more than you, you

are ignorant, ME smart." Which makes me want to say, Down, Fido, down."

Texas will do her best to go over the top in this drive, and an effort will be made to get every deaf person in the state to contribute one dollar. So far in the campaign here in Dallas I have not met with a single refusal, and hope that Dallas will, as always, lead the way for the rest of the state to follow.

...

During the past summer months several enjoyable outings were had, probably the most enjoyable being the one at Lake Cliff Park, when the ladies of the T. B. Sewing Club gave a chicken dinner and picnic. The dinner was free to the members of the club and their men folks, outsiders paying fifty cents for a dinner which would have cost fully \$1.50 down town. After stuffing with chicken *a la Maryland*, with all the fixings and desert of Isekream and watermelon, (according to the fancy of the individual), the afternoon was spent in swimming, spooning, and what not.

...

I notice that Bro. Fred Moore's Who's Who, in the *Deaf Athletic World*, has been discontinued this year, that is, such articles upon the Athletics deaf people have not yet been published in the *WORKER* so far this year. Let's have some more, Freddie. [Look up the Athletic page in this issue—Ed.]

Speaking of athletics call to mind the exploits of one "Red" Grange on the gridiron this past season and for the past several years, but anyone who has seen Halbert



The Beasts. (That's what the women folks call 'em)

Webb, of the Texas School for the Deaf, perform, will tell you that Grange isn't the only one who can play. I can honestly say that I have never seen a greater broken field runner in all my life than Halbert Webb, while he was member of the Texas School for the Deaf Team. The deaf boys were always forced to play stronger and heavier teams and as a result failed to win very many games, but to the best of my recollection, the boys never failed to play a game during the time Halbert was a member of the first team, that he did not make at least one sensational run, either returning a punt, intercepting a pass,

or on long end runs, Halbert Webb was a man who always made a good gain. I personally saw him make two runs of 105 yards for touchdowns; one while I was a member of the team with him; one after I left school. On another occasion he made a run of over 105 yards, but through crooked officials the ball was brought back. The instance that I recall most clearly is the Thanks-

canny side stepping ability made it an impossibility to tackle him. At almost every game the deaf team played Halbert would make at least one run of 35 yards or more.



An informal picture of "Beauty and Beast," taken at the Lake Cliff pool. Reading left to right standing—Mrs. Hill, the writer, Miss Kerr, Doyle Kerr, Mrs. Hazel, Miss Boydecker, Ernest Barnes, Mr. Ross, of Alabama, Pearl Cooper, John Stampley and John Sheppard. Front row—"Ku Klux Eddie" Cochran and Osa Hazel

giving game at Austin in 1915, our opponents were the Blinn Memorial College boys and we had already defeated them once that season on their own ground 7 to 6. To understand the play which came up it is necessary to inform the readers that one end of the gridiron is so close to the bleacher seats to allow any kicking when the ball is on the 5-yd. line so a team that backed against its own goal is forced to make a long end run to the other side of the field before a kick can be made. On said occasion the Blinn boys had backed us up to our own goal line before we were able to down them and get the ball, so on the first play, Webb was given the ball for a right-end run, the intention of the quarterback being to place the ball on the other side so that we could kick out of danger, but Webb who received the ball on a spot 5 yards back of his own goal line, ran a zig zag course from this spot to a touchdown, having practically no help from his interference. Herbert Webb, while not a big or heavy man was extremely fast, and once loose, it was impossible to catch him from behind, and his un-



Some thirty odd deaf people just sitting down to a swell chicken dinner. Note the expression of expectancy on the faces of all those present. Boy, some feast!



Mrs. Lillie Richards Hazel, Chicken-Eating Champ of the T. P. Club

Talk about "Red" Grange, I wish Halbert Webb had only gone to Gallaudet College for a five-year term. I believe that had he done so he would have been ranked as the greatest broken field runner in all time.



The above is a photograph of Miss Mabel Johns, very popular graduate of the Wright School, N. Y., whose home is in Lawrence Park, Bronxville, N. Y. Miss Johns has made several round-the-world trips, and many jaunts to Europe. The picture shows her with the airplane that carried her from Croydon, near London to LeBourget, near Paris, a trip that requires but a little less than three hours where train and boat take seven

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

I THINK if I were the head of a school for the deaf, I would impress on my pupils the fact that because it was my good fortune to be in the grand work of educating the deaf that of itself did not mean that I was a living sacrifice, or anything of the kind. Very few of the principals of the schools care to be pictured in that light and very few allow the school paper editors to glorify them. The few that do, do not last long, rare instances excepted. These remarks are called forth through my having read a panegyric on a principal, still alive and very active, written by one of his graduates. Among the incongruities the article contained was a statement that the principal "had an unsurpassed love for the deaf-mute race." Now I know what an unsurpassed love is, but I cannot claim any first hand knowledge about the "deaf-mute race," though, I am going to try to find out if there is such a thing. Among other super-extravagances were statements to the effect that he "had given his life for human freedom, and as freely as any man who ever died on the field of battle," which is rank poppycock.

We are also told that the gentleman so highly lauded is very much older than he was twenty-five years ago, which will apply to most all of us, a few of my very good women friend excepted. I happen to know and highly esteem the principal who is made the subject of the sickening laudation, and I have no doubt he will pay his respects to the silly writer when an opportunity comes.

All sorts of things reached me through the mails, and a sample follows:

Aren't you going to send this along, too?—The endless Chain of Luck. This was sent to me and has been all over the world. Send it to seven different people and on the seventh day you will have luck and joy. Send it the same day you receive it.

Those that pass it by will meet misfortune as it was started on Flanders Field.

Copy this and sign your initials.

Please don't break the chain.

Forwarded from Mechanicsville, N. Y.

C. A. B.

It's an old, old thing, and it is surprising that in our enlightened day that there are to be found people who will fall for the silliness of it. The only person to profit is Uncle Sam, and even he demurs that there is no profit in handling a postal card for one cent. I never found "luck" in anything but work, so am not looking for it as a reward of spending seven cents for postal cards to write to as many people, "so as not to break the chain," nor do I fear the implied threat that death will follow as it did on Flanders Field for daring to ignore the threat.

Again, speaking of names, I always read with interest

any mention that concerns True Partridge, and Dewey terprises, and when these new ones come along, they ought to have the merit of worthiness, and no purely local project Deer always came in for a share of interest, and Le Grand Klocke has just joined the N. F. S. D.

A news item in the always interesting *Journal* tells that Pope W. Porter of Cincinnati has been visiting in Detroit, and it is fortunate that the gentleman has no connection with the New Jersey School during the present administration, so that identities there would become a bit involved.

The mail recently brought me an appeal from the fairest city of the South, cautioning me (and every one else, too, who got the circular letter) not to fail the projectors, as they were depending on those they sent circulars to for funds wherewith to build a club house. Now, as I see it, there ought to be a club house for the deaf in all the great centers of population, that is, if the deaf people want a club house. The plea, in the present instance, is that a club house is needed because rents are too high to enable them to have a meeting place. As to that, I know the hustling division of the N. F. S. D. located in that city have a fine meeting place that they are well able and very glad to pay rent for, and the two church denominations working in that city gladly furnish meeting places, as indeed all churches are glad to. In this matter of asking subscriptions broadcasted over the land, where will the end be if the thing takes root, and all cities follow suit? And, come to think of it, how long would the club house last before there would arise feuds over questions of management, etc., and wouldn't taxes, coal, maintenance, etc., etc., cost a great deal more than rented quarters?

The Silent Athletic Club of Chicago is the result of a desire to enjoy all that goes with the joys of a club, but it was bought as a strictly business proposition, and no one's alms were asked on account of helping deaf people, and that's the way a club house should be acquired when the need of one is felt. Aside from the fact that it makes a very bad impression on normal people to find deaf people begging, and the National Association of the Deaf has tried hard to have the world disassociate deafness from alms asking, I can't see any great difference in a deaf man's using the courtplaster and kindred games to get easy money than there is in the deaf of a municipality going out and publicly asking for alms for the luxury of a club house. Added unpleasantness in the appeal was that if you could afford to give \$25, or more, your name would be perpetuated on a tablet in the club house, but any sum under that would not bring the donor any recognition. In this matter, I have known people to subscribe a dollar to a charity that was a great deal bigger than some other people's contributions of a hundred times more because of the giver's sacrifice.

There are two worthy projects, the De l'Epee and Gal-

laudet Memorials, that ought to be brought to completion before the deaf public are asked to contribute to new enterprises, and when these new ones come along, they ought to have the merit of worthiness and no purely local project for the benefit of the few ought to be imposed on the public at large. And even local enterprises ought to have the stamp of merit and the guaranty of reasonable permanence, and that does not hold with a very much diversified body of deaf people.

A story taking up several pages of the most popular illustrated monthly magazine for the deaf details a trip of 50,000 miles in a Ford car, leaves out one of the most interesting facts concerning the trip. Repeatedly the traveller mentions interest in, and sales of merchandise he is handling, but never once is the article itself referred to by name, which I think is ignoring a piquant source of interest.

The old inquiry is going the rounds again and writers are taking it up once more, that is the old "What's the matter with the N. A. D.?" And the answer is that there's nothing the matter with it, the matter is with a lot of apathetic deaf people who do not see far enough, and cannot, or will not appreciate that the concern of one of us deaf people is generally the concern of all, but officers elected to serve without any compensation, are not expected to go far out of their way to carry great loads that are the concern of every member and every non-member.



Mrs. Maud Peet Nies and her children—Winifred, James, William. Photo. by the father of the children, E. W. Nies, D. D. S. Dr. Nies is a graduate of Gallaudet and University of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Nies is a Gallaudet Normal graduate.

Since the dawn of the N. A. D., every president and every officer for that matter, has given unstintedly of his time and effort, and a really great work has been done, and much of this attainment can be brought about by every hold-back becoming a member. Again, there is nothing the matter with the N. A. D., the matter is all with the hold-outs everywhere in these grand old United States.



Harry Belsky, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose interesting article "My First Vacation Abroad," appears on another page of this issue.

Conan Doyle, who believes in fairies, has dropped detective stories to tell us fairy tales.

Gorzenski-Cole

Mr. Leo Augustua Gorzenski, of Bay City, Michigan, and Miss Jean Iva Cole, of Goderich, Ontario, Canada, were married Tuesday evening, January twelfth, at eight o'clock, in Westminster Presbyterian Church, Flint, Mich., by Rev. J. W. Kitting. They were attended by O. Frank Egger and Miss Rosa VanDyke, both of Flint. About twenty friends of the couple were present to witness the ceremony and wish them many years of wedded bliss.

For the present Mr. and Mrs. Gorzenski will reside at 219 East Eighth Street, Flint, Michigan, and in the early summer they will tour the eastern states and stop at Washington, D. C., and the Atlantic sea coast.

O. FRANK EGGER.

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Article for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 38

FEBRUARY, 1926

No. 5

Amateur Photographers

The May issue of this magazine will be an "Amateur Photograph Number." We believe there are many amateurs in this country who have in their collection specimens of their work that will compare with any made by hearing people. As explained in our advertisement on another page there will be no prize awards. Our purpose is to give amateurs a chance to compare their work with others who are deaf like themselves.

Send your choicest specimens. We do not care for groups because they are too common. We want those that will express artistic taste in their selection and we believe these are best shown in landscape work. We reserve the right to discard those that, in our opinion, are unworthy of reproduction.

Do not send flat, faded or discolored prints. Glossy prints with velvety blacks in the deep shadows give the best results in reproduction. Mail prints flat or in tubes so that they will not be cracked in the mails and be sure to mark on the backs your name and address.

National Motion Picture Conference

The Fourth National Motion Picture Conference, under the auspices of the Federal Motion Picture Council in America, is to be held at the Congress Hotel, Chicago, February 10 to 12, inclusive.

Three annual conferences have been held in Washington, D. C., with churches and other religious organizations sponsoring them. The Reverend Charles Scanlon, Chairman of the Moral Welfare Department of the Presbyterian Church, is president of the Council and

the Reverend William Sheafe Chase, of Brooklyn, is its general secretary.

At this first conference in the west, the program is to be a scientific treatise on the whole subject of motion pictures. A successful effort has been made to enlist the interest and co-operation of University Research Departments, of laymen and of club women in order to bring a scientific basis, a sanity of outlook and a unity of effort to the Conference.

The program is planned with consideration of the following aspects of "the movies":

- (a) The history of the problem
- (b) The psychological and sociological aspects
- (c) The international phase
- (d) The moral phase
- (e) Existing regulation and future legislation.

It will close with a summary of the entire situation in order to bring about a decision as to some definite things to be worked for in the coming year.

The speakers will include Prof. E. A. Rose, of University of Wisconsin; Mayor Kittleson of Madison, Wisconsin; Prof. George Mead and Prof. Ellsworth Faris of the University of Chicago; Dr. Herman Adler of the Chicago Institute of Juvenile Research; the Reverend Charles Gilkey of Chicago and Mrs. Robbins Gilman of Minneapolis.

The practical values of such a conference are obvious; its results can be fully realized through the earnest co-operation of all organizations and agencies inevitably interested in the related problems. It will be an open forum to which every one interested will be heartily welcome.

Interesting Summer Session Announcement

Dr. I. O. Foster, Director of the Summer Session of Battle Creek College, Battle Creek, Michigan, announces as a part of the Summer Session of his institution for the coming year a plan that may be of interest to some of our readers. An opportunity is given to a number of professors who have attained national reputation who have made distinctive contributions to the various fields of education to spend their summer at Battle Creek College, vacationing in the "Little Lake District" of Michigan and to receive all expenses and free treatment from the Battle Creek Sanitarium in lieu of the teaching of one or two classes in the college. A few positions still remain unfilled.

A second interesting feature is that unusual opportunity is offered to the teachers, both in public and private schools, to take the advantage of the great opportunities offered them at the Battle Creek Sanitarium and to attend college at the same time at a combined expense practically no greater than that charged by the average educational institution. The College is willing to do this because of its great ideals of race betterment and feels

that it not only can profit by these arrangements, but that the various institutions throughout the country and the public in general may benefit by them. The modern summer camp for girls situated on an island in beautiful Gull Lake offers an added attraction for a pleasant and profitable summer.

Another interesting project relates to school administration. The college is undertaking to offer practically simultaneously both an eight-weeks term and a six-weeks term to its patrons, the former beginning June 24th, and the latter July 8th, both closing August 17th.

A Clever Teacher

In the Sunday Editions of the *Topeka (Kansas) Daily Capital* there appears a series of lessons on "Learn the Speech of the Deaf," by Mrs. Emma T. Wood. It is intended to teach the hearing public how to talk to the deaf on the fingers. A good sized cut of the manual alphabet appears under the heading "Learn the Speech of the Deaf," then underneath the cut the "teacher" proceeds to explain the positions of the fingers in forming the various letters. Only two or three descriptions are given in each lesson and as the cut of the manual al-

phabet will appear with each lesson, we consider it one of the cleverest efforts to teach the hearing public ever devised. It will require several months to complete the lessons and by that time we venture the belief that a good many hearing people out of the thousands of readers of the *Capital* will be able to communicate with the deaf. At least they will learn the alphabet out of curiosity if for no other reason.

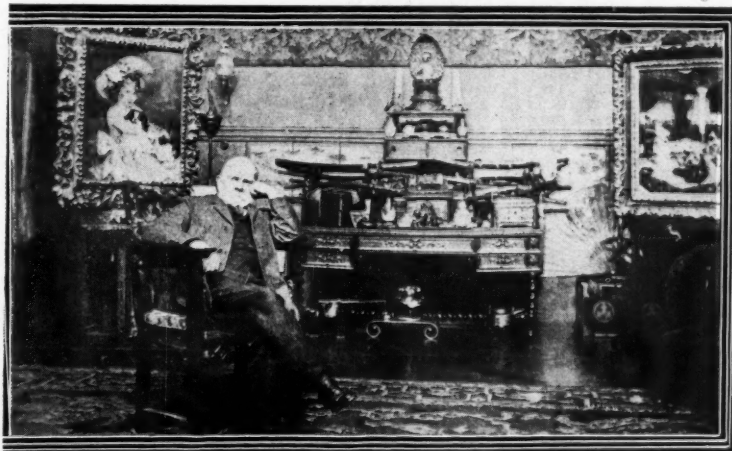
Mrs. Wood is obsessed with the humanitarian idea that the hearing public should *know how* to talk to the deaf on their fingers. Last year she failed to have her bill passed in the Kansas legislature making it mandatory for Boards of Education to have the manual alphabet placed at the top of blackboards in all public school classrooms in the state of Kansas. This year she made a great effort to have the manual alphabet printed in the school text books of the state, but was turned down. Undaunted she had 500 manual alphabet cards printed and placed in shop windows so that people in passing could see them and now she has evidently struck the right idea of having it circulated among thousands readers of a great daily newspaper.

In our next issue we will introduce Mrs. Wood to our readers in the form of photograph reproductions.

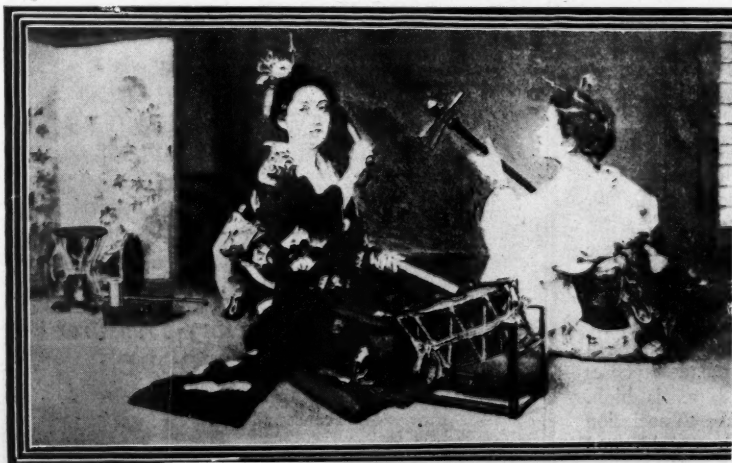
Humphrey Moore

Newspaper dispatches announce the death of America's best deaf artist, Harry Humphrey Moore, on the second of January last. The deceased was 82 years old at the time of his death and had been living in Paris for the last forty years where he had a fine studio and painted pictures till the end. Spanish and Japanese subjects were his favorites which he painted with rare artistic beauty. He is survived by his wife.

When Humphrey Moore was in



H. Humphry Moore in his Paris Studio



Japanese Musicians—after a Painting by H. Humphrey Moore

America many years ago he lost some valuable paintings in a California fire valued at many thousands of dollars. Like Tilden in sculpture, Moore acquired international fame. His brother Gideon, a deaf-mute like himself, also became famous as an analytical chemist, possessing one of the finest laboratories in New York City.

Both brothers are now dead but their names will go down in history as two of the finest examples of deaf-mutes who rose to fame by their own efforts.

National Association of the Deaf

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*, 358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

O. W. UNDERHILL, *First Vice-President*
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, *Second Vice-President*
17 Lucile Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



THOMAS F. FOX, *Board Member*
99 Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. City.

J. W. HOWSON, *Board Member*
California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

EDW. S. FOLTZ, *Board Member*
School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas.

Organized 1800. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

Have You Got One? Begin the New Year Right!

Show the World that you are a Loyal Member of an Organization that exists for the protection of your Rights!



The Emblem of the National Association of the Deaf.

Buttons for the coat-lapel, clasp-pins or stickpins. Emblems of beauty, possessing the colors of the Organization: a Royal Blue background with Gold lettering.

Either pin or button for only 75 cents.

Send orders to F. A. MOORE Secretary N. A. D., School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

Life Membership Drive

\$50,000 Before the Washington Convention

Dear Friend: The Association is making a supreme effort to reach the \$50,000 mark in the Endowment fund before the Washington convention next August. The fund is now about \$8,500. Only \$1500 more is needed. This means only 150 new life-members.

A strong inducement for you to become a life-member is that your fee will at once be deposited in the Endowment fund which cannot be touched until there is \$50,000. The moneys in this fund are invested in A-1 bonds bearing interest of 5 or 6 per cent, and even the income from these bonds is kept in the fund. Whereas with annual dues and fees, they are used to meet the current expenses of the Association.

Much trouble is entailed on your side and also ours in the collection of annual dues. The overhead expenses such as postage, stationery, book entries, etc., is high. By becoming a life-member you relieve the Association of all this trouble and expense, and give it a stable and permanent membership.

Become a life-member. Show your faith in the Association. Send your \$10 to the Secretary-Treasurer, School for the Deaf, Trenton, New Jersey, and it will be immediately recorded and sent to the Treasurer of the Endowment fund.

Sincerely yours,

FREDERICK A. MOORE, Sec'y.

Suggestions Wanted

The committee in charge of the arrangement of the program for the Washington Convention will be glad to receive and consider suggestions for subjects to be discussed at this gathering. All suggestions should be sent to H. D. Drake, Chairman, Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

Life Membership Drive

\$10,000 IS THE OAL

to be reached in

Endowment Fund

Before the Washington Convention

AUGUST 9-14, 1926

Become a "Lifer"

THE FUND IS NOW \$8,500.00
ONLY \$1,500.00 MORE NEEDED
THIS IS 150 NEW LIFE-MEMBERS
HELP YOUR ASSOCIATION
REALIZE THE GOAL

The Fee is \$10

Send fees to the Secretary-Treasurer

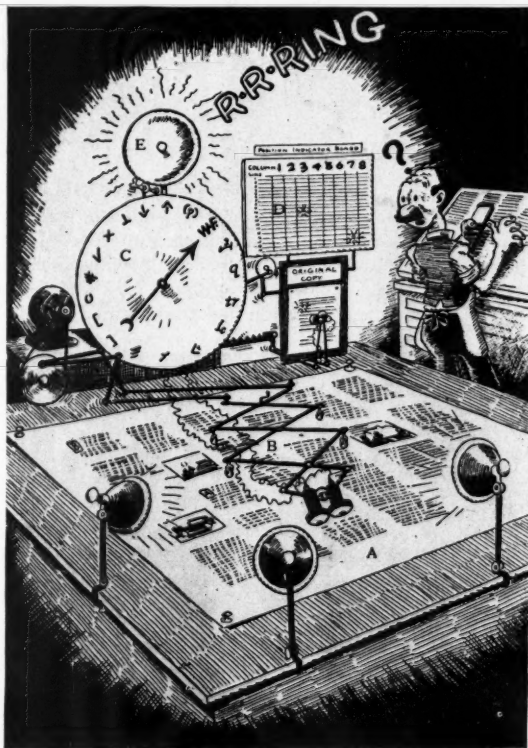
FREDERICK A. MOORE

School for the Deaf
Trenton, N. J.

The Automatic Mistake Finder

To the Editor of THE SILENT WORKER:

Despite the reports of the Patent Office at Washington indicating the continued expansion of the American genius for original research and the fertility of imagination thus indicated, I have been disappointed in my further quest



for appliances and apparatus for awaking and getting out of bed at specified hours persons whose auditory apparatus is defective. Previous success, resulting in my presentation in the SILENT WORKER of a number of ingenious devices of the kind, had encouraged me to anticipate different results; but life is full of disappointments and we must meet them with fortitude.

However, my search was not wholly barren of results; a limited number of your readers may profit by one discovery along a different line of endeavor than that of incapacitating John Q. Morpheus.

I am told that printer persons are sometimes annoyed by errors creeping into their completed work; that these errors are never their own fault, but always are directly traceable to the complete and dad-fiddled ignorance and all-encompassing incompetence of somebody else. On rare occasions, I am further informed, this suspected culprit produces an alibi indicating that the fault rests in The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things, thus neatly shifting the blame to the types themselves.

Be that as it may, I am sure the editors of that group of periodicals you so quaintly identify as "the L. P. F." will be grateful to me for bringing to their attention a newly-invented machine for the mechanical eradication of all mistakes. This machine has been evolved from the brain of a genius attached to the force of the Zellerbach Paper Company of Los Angeles, and appears in their "Hecht-O-Graphs & Print Shop Prophet," edited by Victor E. Hetcht. Its immediate introduction into all printing

places will, I am convinced, materially reduce the crime record in this country in so far as it applies to murder and mayhem following upon the appearance in print of the hereinbeforementioned rare instances of errors of the types.

While the accompanying diagram will no doubt prove self-explanatory to members of your profession, I find very helpful the foot-notes accompanying the picture. They are as follows:

Proof is placed on the illuminated table (A), and the "finders" (B) adjusted so that when the power is turned on they move back and forth along the type lines looking for trouble. A wrong font, a misspelled word, a sentence which the customer will not be quite sure sounds exactly right when he sees the proof, etc., etc., each register a special impulse to the delicate "finders," which transfer this impulse electrically to the dial-indicator (C), at the same time indicating the column and line on which the error occurs by flashing red lights on the board (D), ringing the gong (E) to call the compositor's attention to his errors.

ERSATZ VERITAS.

Dog days make people growl.

The North Pole seems to be the favorite summer resort.

When a girl shoots herself she dies of heart trouble; but a man, he dies of cold feet.

Now that we have a "Own-Your-Own-Home" movement we need a movement to get all the autos paid for.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Lena and Ethel Rose, daughter of Mrs. Ida Rose, Core, West Virginia



ATHLETICS

Spotting news of, by, and for the deaf will be welcomed by this department.

Edited by F. A. MOORE



CAMP DOUBLE 200

By ONE WHO WAS THERE

PRELUDE

TWO THINGS that you can expect to find "broke" by now are somebody's resolutions and me. Tomorrow I may feel lower than a well-digger's helper but today I am happy. Surrounded by Christmas trimmings 'n police 'n things, I feel inspired and I grasp my Remington by the tail to tell you of:—

CAMP DOUBLE 200 on the NINNESCAH RIVER

This is January. I can remember a time not so many moons ago when a sunburnt and mosquito-bitten clan frolicked on the banks of the Ninnescah River a few miles south of Belle Plaine, Kansas. Those were the good, old days when the term *apple sauce* was useable and new, and when Henry Ford was content to turn out flivvers instead of trying to abolish the Charleston. Time has dimmed my memory somewhat, so on behalf of anything that goes wrong in this chronicle of bug-bites and sunburn, I shall have to say with the rest of them: Oh, la la la—so's your old man!

Camp Double 200. I can shut my eyes and see a stretch of cool, white sand; tall trees swaying to the music of the Pipes o' Pan; a full moon with the Ninnescah basking in its mellow rays—old gold against a background of black velvet in candle-light!

Camp, it seems, was christened soon after the ceremony which caused a pair of scales to groan under the combined poundage of two blister-bug fiends, Foltz and Lahn. It

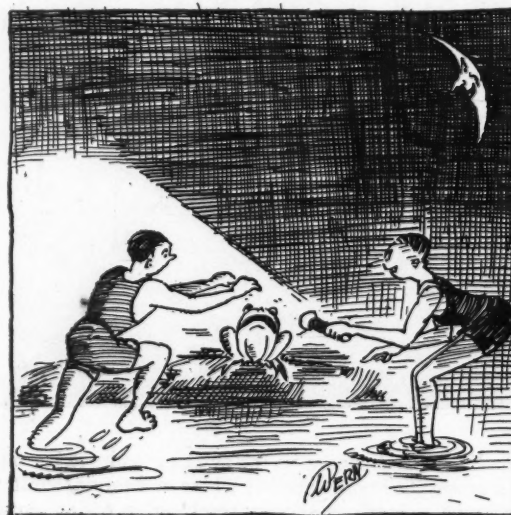


Lahn Taking the Daily Dimensions of Folly

went the rounds at camp that had not Folly weighed immediately after sinking sixteen flapjacks with a quart of syrup, he would not have been so instrumental in helping bend the springs to the double two hundred mark. All this happened five years ago, and all I know is what I picked up at camp.

The Ninnescah is a blessed, little stream that twists and winds its course in a most picturesque way. It was camp's main attraction, because Foltz's hay fever responded to

treatment after a day or so. The Ninnescah has a shallow, sandy bottom which makes it possible to wade upstream for miles before deep water is encountered. James Whitcomb Riley must have dreamed of a swimming hole like the one made famous last August by Ikey Lahn. Bullfrog hunts when the moon had transformed the river



Kaufman and Grir at thir Best. Hypnotizing Frogs.
No Chance for the Frog

into a thin, winding string of shimmering silver is something to forever dream of, never to tell.

Camp itself was run along the combined rotating method. Pure oralism was used only when a camper was so unfortunate as to stub his, or her, toe on some protruding stump in the river bed. A screened-in kitchen and chow house made it a hard season for the flies and gnats, but the pesky critters (?) came back at us while we were trying to concentrate, i.e., sleep. The knickered sex were housed in a tent near the barbed wire fence, while the snoring quarters of the effeminate was twenty yards nearer to the watermelon patch. A couch under towering trees was where Sullivan's toes were oft caressed by gentle zephyrs. The wash stand and towel line were pitched behind the girls' tent, and the ice-box was two feet under near the grub emporium. I hope I have made all this clear. Our beds? They were the finest this side of the Atlantic—pure Kansas straw with a tickle in them!

Camp got under way Friday, July 31st, and ran full blast until the last Saturday in August. The campers were of the shifting variety, coming and going as was convenient to them. The average number of skeeter-scratch-

ers in camp was eight, although as many as fourteen often sat around the table pounding tin cups for the nectar that cheers in the absence of 4.4 stuff—coffee. The sunburnt clan signed like this: Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Foltz, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Grier, Mr. and



Jim Sullivan putting his talents to test

Mrs. J. B. Kaufman; Misses Isabelle Toner, Imogene Price, Edythe Ozburn; Messrs. Nathan Lahn, James Sullivan, John Boatwright, and Ted Griffing. Visiting friends were too numerous to keep track of.

The sporting father of Eddie Foltz is the person to whom we must hand the olive wreath. Mr. Foltz made camp possible, for he donated the site, fixed the tents, built the screened-in house and did other things which spelled comfort for members of the clan. Mr. Foltz is a fisherman of no mean ability—he can land members of the finny tribe with surprising rapidity. It is an art to him; we go in for it to keep from being bored with civilization. Mr. Foltz is just a regular fellow.

Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman, living in Mound Ridge, Kansas, also did much for us. They brought a crate of eggs, frozen buttermilk, chickens, apple butter, a table and an oil stove. Joseph is a fair example of what a deaf man can do at farming and poultry raising. While we are at this, let us say that Miss Ozburn, a fair Junior at Gallaudet, was the most willing skillet performer on the place. All of us did our share, or at least we tried not to be lazy. But—and there are butts!

Many things can happen out in the Kansas woods. For instance: One night a terrific northeasterner aided by a driving rain came up to torment us. The male members were in various stages of the disrobing process, that is, with the exception of Ikey who had gone out to see if his trout line was anchored safe. Foltz shone like the last rose of summer in a pair of gorgeous polka dotted pajamas and Griffing stood sweet and beautiful in his athletic bee vee dee's. The die was cast, for the tent began to sway like Gilda Grey, only a darn sight more nervously. This galvanized the men into instant action, Foltz grabbing the

rear pole and Griffy the forward one. At this stage Lahn, who had been blown clear across the river, or its equivalent, came up puffing, his breast like Mt. Tamalpais. Folly surrendered his head-lock on the pole and swam to the girls' tent where he succeeded in signaling his wife, who had the girls ready for business in a twinkling. Griffy saw them coming and a wild desire to flee took complete and instant possession of his breast. While he was making up his mind, the tent collapsed with a dull, sickening thud, burying Ikey very neatly. The males hoofed it to a barn and slept loudly until the next morning.

Sullivan got tangled up in a debate the minute he reached camp. Fresh from Denver, he wanted to know the difference between love and infatuation. We failed to enlighten him. If you are ever inspired to go to the top of Pikes Peak, get Sully to describe his early morning ride in a throbbing Cadillac. We guarantee that you will find yourself with chattering teeth because so real and graphic is Sully's version of "The One O' Clock Ride of Sullivan, James."

Ikey proved beyond a doubt that he had a toe-hold on deep sea diving. Witness: He was posed on the bank of the swimming hole ready to do his famed blue bird dive, a polite name for a "belly buster." Astonishment was written all over his poker face as he dived again from the surface and brought to light a soggy wallet. Trembling fingers betrayed his anxiety. He found a five spot, two greenbacks, and a K. K. K. membership card. But untrue to Jewish customs, Ikey calmly announced that he would donate the two extra bucks to the camp contingent fund. The bills were literally soaked with water and stench so rank that two channel cats were seen in hasty retreat. But



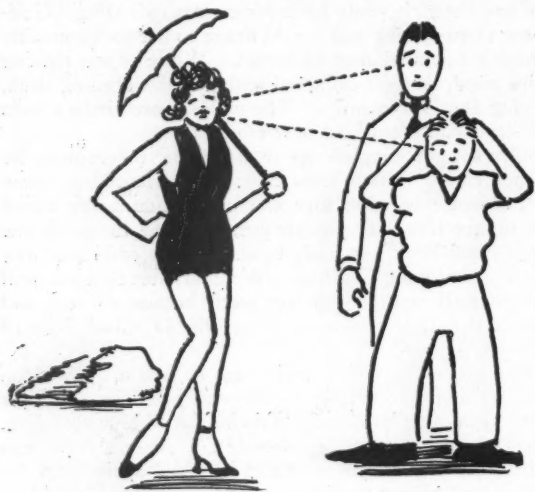
Mrs. Foltz exercising her light fantastic toe

Ikey washed them in soap, soaked them in coal oil, rubbed Mentholatum on each, and wound up by using half the contents of Izzy's Kansas City perfume. They were then ready to be accepted as genuine currency. Only Ikey could have had such luck. His big toe stumbled on the purse and that explains his good fortune. Talk about the luck of the Irish. Blah!

In the January number of THE SILENT WORKER there was a cartoon inserted by Fred Moore. The writer hopes Freddy did not put anything over on you readers. We wish we could draw the initiation ceremonies showing Freddy imitating a kitten playing with a ball of twine on the floor. Only real art could show the look on Freddy's

face when his pants split in the middle of his juggling act!

Other incidents at camp were equally as funny. Here they are boiled down: Grier's dive into three feet of water; Boaty's interest in Ozbun's dancing; Mrs. Moore's



Boaty and Griff caught at their Favorite Pastime

coat of sunburn; Ozbun's college songs; Ikey's big toe; Price's "glang-way" dive; Mrs. Grier's hunger; Sullivan's straw hat; Kaufman's bullfrogs; Folly's hay fever; Mrs. Foltz's chatter; Toner's correspondence; Griffy's detective work; the watermelon patch; and soda pop at Ottey's place.

Ah, those were grand and glorious days on the Ninnescah, the bulliest, swimmiest, froggiest, fishiest and sandiset stream in Kansas! And me thinks in the breasts of my fellow campers there exists a serene and kindly feeling for Camp Double 200, where we slept on beds of straw that tickled, unconscious of the distant boom boom of bullfrogs on the river. I, for one, will remember Camp Double 200 reverently and forever burn incense at its shrine.

C'est fini.

The Wail of A Poor Loser

There is some one up in Illinois—the Sucker State—who has not yet gotten over those two defeats that our football team administered to the team representing the Illinois School for the Deaf in 1923 and 1924. He lets out a wail of high sounding, insipid, bombastic nonentity; accuses our team of being made up of players who are not amateurs; of players who are old enough to be called grandfathers, and so on *ad libitum, ad infinitum*. For the benefit of our readers, we are reprinting the clipping taken from a recent issue of the *Illinois Advance*. If ever there were a better example of sour grapes, we have yet to come across it. It reads like the statement of one recently acquainted with wet goods above the legal limit of alcoholic content. For one thing the game was not such a farce as anticipated. There was no carcass strewn about the field. Here is the article:

"TO THE SLAUGHTER"

"The Indiana School for the Deaf football outfit is preparing to travel all the way to Olathe, Kansas, under the impression that it is going to play a game of football with the Kansas School for the Deaf football eleven. By

the time supper is served to the remains of the Hoosiers Thursday evening, November 26, 1925, the fact will dawn upon the visitors that they traveled a long, long way in order to permit themselves to be run over by the Kansas Car of Juggernaut. If there is any rule, regulation, ruling, thought, idea, notion, preconception, hunch or other thing connected with sport which can arouse the slightest suspicion that the Kansas aggregation is an amateur organization we'll bet our next summer's ice bill against Coach Foltz's red woolen underwear that the New York Giants are the champion bean bag players of the Kindergarten League. Some of those Kansas players have been attending the Olathe School for a generation, and just so long as other schools are sucker enough to play with the Jayhawkers these same venerable mutes will be found on the Kansas team. When the other school teams refuse to play Kansas the coach will send these patriarchs home to their grandchildren—but not till then."

What impressed us most about the above ebullition is that the writer, who endeavored to turn sports prophet, would make a most excellent mudslinger if only he had technique. Just because the Illinois team went down to two straight defeats in the hands of our boys, the writer of the article tries to belittle our triumphs by accusing our boys of professionalism; of being in school merely for the sake of playing football, and, incidentally, for the purpose of knocking the everlasting daylights out of the poor little fellows that are raised up in Illinois—fellows who take from twenty to thirty years to grow as big and husky as our boys do in sixteen and seventeen years. Instead of hitting us with his remarks, he missed the target and the bullet rebounded, reflecting the woeful lack of facilities for raising good football material in Jacksonville, where is located one Illinois State School for the Deaf. He has not aroused our ire; while it may have touched our sympathy, we have none for him—a poor loser, who would, had he the same players we have, broadcast the results of his games with the same hilarity and enthusiasm that they do the DEAF band that represents the Illinois School.

Fortunately, maybe it was not the Indiana School that came to be slaughtered, as our Illinois spokesman says; it was the team from the Wisconsin School that played us Thanksgiving, and let us say right here that these boys from the Badger State put up a wonderful exhibition of football. Although the Wisconsin School has barely two hundred pupils, it is our firm belief that should the Wisconsin team meet the Illinois team—the pick of a school representing almost five hundred, the Wisconsin team would teach the Illinois boys a few things in football and incidentally wallop them as handily as we have done in the past. The Wisconsin boys are a gentlemanly bunch, who have been taught to accept defeat gracefully without any alibis. These boys are bound to be heard from some day after they have taken up their places in the work-a-day world. We admire them. But we are going too far from the real purpose of this article. What we meant to say at the very outset is that, if such things as this have to appear in the school papers, it will be best for all concerned to discontinue football games with other state schools. We are not going to do this if we can help it, so feel compelled to tell the author of the article in the *Illinois Advance* to go his way: we will go ours. Selah.—Foltz in the *Kansas Star*.

Johnny—But teacher I haven't got a comb!

Teacher—Can't you use your father's. Hasn't he a comb? comb?

Johnny—No—he hasn't any hair!

Editor's Column

THAT PIQUANT ILLINOIS SPIRIT

The more competitors one passes, the more knockers he has. The more heads one overtowers, the more enemies he has to overpower.

The victor creates and intensifies jealousy. We'll welcome the winner—provided we are not the loser—provided he doesn't advance at our expense.

We'll congratulate a victor on his gain if his gain will cause us no pain.

We're good sports. But it is too much to expect us to cheer the victor after he sears us. He should not expect us to give him our hand after he has trampled on our toes. We should not be expected to boost him after he beats us.

We're glad to see the victor lunge ahead—but we'll try to break him if he plunges over our head.

By his victory he put us to shame and so he should not blame us for not smiling with him—for railing at him.

He outpaced us. He outraced us because.

If we had had his luck,

If we had had what he had,

If we had had some pupils with grandchildren,

Ah, Kansas, why didn't you lie down and let Illinois trample over you?

o—o—o

WHAT NEESAM SAYS

"Aside from the first ten minutes of the game our boys did well at Kansas. Kansas had the advantage over us in weight and experience. Their team was stronger than ours. I always believe 'a good big man can beat a good little man.' We received fine treatment down there. The game itself was a clean hard one. I only had to put in one substitute and that was because two of our players collided, resulting in one getting a smashed nose. Evidently our boys are tougher than they down in Illinois think the Indiana boys are."

o—o—o

DISCLAIMS AUTHORSHIP

Coach Burns, whose team twice met defeat at the hands of Kansas, wishes it known that he had nothing to do with that article questioning the amateurship of the Kansas football team which appeared in the *Illinois Advance* sometime ago, and which reflected upon the sportsmanship of his school. He says that he has never denied that Kansas had the better team.

We, (and we are sure everybody else,) have never thought of connecting our good friend Robey with poor sportsmanship tactics.

o—o—o

THE BETH ISRAEL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

The Editor, together with several others from Trenton, had the pleasure of attending the 19th Bal Masque of the B. I. A. D. of Philadelphia. The occasion was held in one of the most up-to-date club-rooms of Philadelphia, and everything was first class. The B. I. A. D. is to be congratulated upon the management of such a splendid affair. If the event is made an annual occasion and is held in the same place as that of this year, its reputation as a first class affair will soon spread and large attendances of the better sort will be assured.

Germs don't care anything about how important you are.

Lotta May

Lotta May is a born athlete and a star basket ball forward; very quick to see and quicker to act. Her playing is the type to be marveled at. Spectators frequently catch themselves coming back to conscientiousness realizing that they were concentrating on one player. The free, skillful long shots that she takes are a picture of beauty. The unusual form for her short shots are with the left hand using the round arm throw. This position is quite unguardable and usually changes the score.

Besides the marvelous basket ball form, there is much to be said about her personal appearance. Lotta May is the ideal type, about five feet six inches tall, slim, strong, and physically fit. She has beautiful dark wavy hair, blue eyes, a healthy complexion, pretty features, and a pleasing smile which uncovers beautiful dimples.

Attitude, sportsmanship, and meritable playing are the three main characteristics considered when judging for the winners of the cups. To make a long story short, let



Lotta May Hinkley of the Indiana School holding the "Merit" cup won last year

me briefly say that her attitude was one of interest and concern and definite. Her modest disposition, one to be copied from; never getting excited or hurried but always the cool dependable sameness.

It is with regret that the Indiana school had to give up Lotta May, but it is with pleasure that we are able to bestow so many honors on our former graduate.

LOLA A. PFEIFER,
Physical Training Teacher
Indiana School for the Deaf

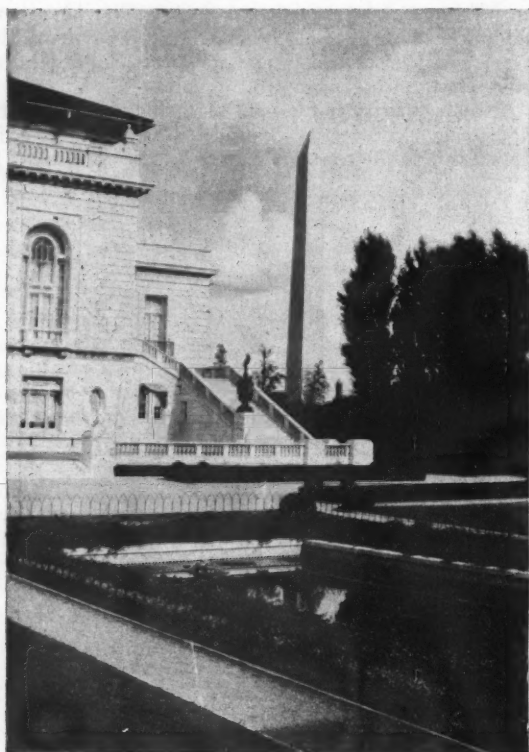
When fudge comes out too hard to eat, give it to the neighbors.

WASHINGTON-1926 N.A.D. CONVENTION

By Henry J. Pulver

Photographs by Henry Austin and the author

August 9-14, 1926



*Washington Monument, from Pan-American Garden,
Washington, D. C.*

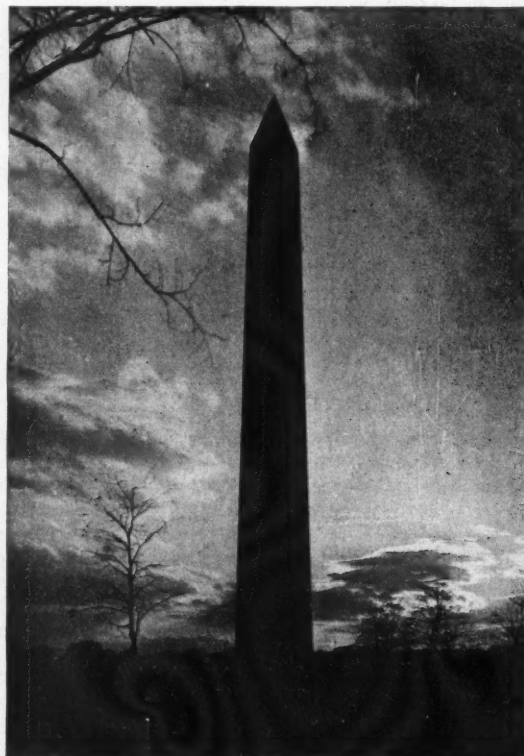


Photo by Pulver.

Washington Monument in the Gloaming

CITY OF GEORGE THE GREAT



GEORGE WASHINGTON—the city of Washington. The Father of his country and the Capitol of that country, his name city. The first of Patriots and his everlasting memorial. The two are indissolubly linked in the regard of the American People.

One likes to think of Washington as the City of George the Great. For upon no other city has the Father of his country left so personal and intimate an impress of his genius. Nor is there any other city so closely associated with him in interest and affection, or where so many mementos of him have so long survived the tooth of time. As the visitor strolls about Washington City, he is constantly reminded of its great founder by houses, public buildings, streets and the myriad of this and that and t'other thing that one sees in a casual walk about the city. Indeed, one cannot remain in Washington long without feeling a personal contact with the colossal figure of George the Great.

The connection between George Washington and the City of Washington—this much is clear. But why that

"Great" up there? Why not? If sundry historical personages who were "great," it would seem, chiefly in murder and conquest and the propagation of human misery, have deserved the high falutin title, why not George Washington, who established a nation of free people, an achievement in true greatness never equalled, either before or since? Certainly his presence would add honor and distinction to some of the reprobates who have strutted thru history with that "Great tacked on after their names. Had I a mind, I could tell,—but never mind what I could tell.

There is still standing on M Street, in Georetown, toward the westward reaches of Washington, a decrepit, story-and-a-half house, with ancient stones peeping here and there thru the mortar with which the outer walls is surfaced. It was in this little house that Washington, Jefferson and Major Pierre L'Enfant met to prepare the plans for the new Capitol City. (Congress had been driven out of Philadelphia by a revolt of troops in 1783, and the federal government had migrated hither and yon, holding sort of one-night stands at a different times in New York, Lancaster and York (Pa.), and Annapolis (Md.). It was finally decided to establish a Capitol

City under federal control, and Washington was authorized to select the site, and proceed with the laying out of the city.) Now, in 1790, the actual work of planning the city commenced. This was a century and a quarter ago—a short time, as history is measured—and yet how far it has receded from us. It was the day even before the crinoline and the hoop skirt and the pantaloons. Powdered

make, even if you outlive Shem and Ham and Methuselah,—which you won't—so don't worry.

HIGH SPOTS

We will now hit some of the high spots of the tentative Program. Take a look at the following:

GRAND BALL at New Willard Hotel

MEETING at foot of Washington Monument

MEETING at Mount Vernon

MEETING and Picnic on Campus of Gallaudet College.

VISIT to White House, and probably Reception by President Coolidge.

EXCURSION to Chesapeake Beach, with salt water bathing.

GRAND N.A.D. BANQUET.

MOONLIGHT SAIL down the Potomac.

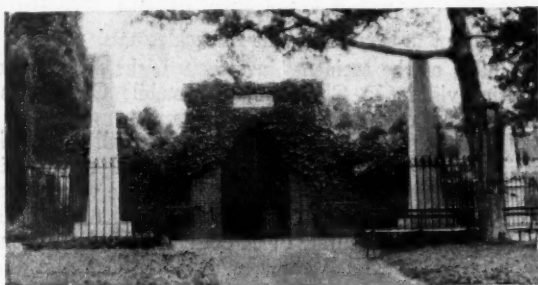
But I won't tell it all now, or you couldn't wait till August. More coming. Watch for it.



The Mansion from Bowling Green, Mount Vernon

wigs and knee breeches of satin and velvet; and pompadours and lacy ruffles and furbelows were still *de rigueur*. It was the day of the one-hoss shay, and the stage-coach and candle light. The United States was a young nation of three million souls. By contrast, today—however, we are off the track again. Let us go on.

As we have said, Washington and Jefferson and L'Enfant met in that little house in Georgetown, in the summer of 1790 to plan the new Capitol City. Two plans were presented one by Jefferson which was a sort of composite plan of several European Capitols; and a splendidly original conception by L'Enfant, embodying a checkerboard design of streets traversed diagonally by noble avenues the whole relieved by grassy circles, open parks and squares.



Tomb of Washington, Mount Vernon

CONCERNING THE WEATHER—ALL BUT

For some moons now I have indulged myself in an orgy of crime, (in the guise of publicity,) on behalf of the Washington Convention. I have told you why it would be more than worth your while—about five hundred percent more—to join in the festivities and help swell the gathering of the N.S.D. clans in Washington next summer. I have talked N.A.D. and Washington till I am hoarse and halt and blind, and have the writer's cramp, and the gout and the D.T's. And I am going to keep up the bombardment till something busts. I am going to keep on jumping thru the hoop and banging the castanets till you sit up and take notice. But, after all, language has its limitations; it fails and fades away into pale impotence. So in order to get all the fireworks you must come and see it with your own eyes. See it cross-eyed, if you must, but *see* it, regardless. It will be the best investment in good cheer and fellowship you could possibly



Washington's Mansion from South, Mount Vernon

OUR WHO'S WHICH AND WHERE.

Here is the chief undertaker and some of the pallbearers:

Chairman Local Com.—Mr. W. E. Marshall, 328 13th Street, N. E. Washington, D. C.

Secretary Local Com.—Mr. W. P. Souder, Census Bureau Washington, D. C.

Treasurer Local Com.—Mr. Roy Stewart, 1008 Park Road, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Chairman Program Com.—Mr. Harley D. Drake, Kendall Green, N. E. Washington, D. C.

Chairman Hotel Com.—Mr. Frederick H. Hughes, Kendall Green, N. E. Washington, D. C.

The personnel of the committees is not available, but will appear in our next bulletin.

SEE THE N.A.D. CONVENTION

HELP YOURSELF TO A PIECE OF PIE.

The watchword is August 9—14, 1926.

N. A. D.

Washington

Paste it in your hat.

Publicity Agent.
HENRY J. PULVER

We know a man who started a truck farm last year and now he has two big trucks.

There is no use in an auto knocking down a telephone pole. Another pole will be put up.

The eagle is our national bird, and a senator wants a national dog, so we nominate the hot dog.

Motorist's Eyesight

By JOHN F. HILL



LIVING through 57th Street one evening not long ago, I was stopped by a crowd of people clustered round an automobile, entirely blocking the street. Almost at once my car was pressed into service by a policeman. A limp little form was tenderly lifted into my car, and then followed a furious race to the hospital. All the way there, the distracted driver of the other car, in an anguish of grief over the serious injury he had so suddenly brought to the light-hearted boy who had darted thoughtlessly into the street, kept repeating over and over again, "I didn't see him in time, I didn't see him in time!"

Never shall I forget that piteous cry—"I didn't see him in time!"—seven short tragic words of all too true significance, that unconsciously tell the real story of the underlying reason for hundreds of automobile accidents.

The driver didn't see in time because he couldn't see. Because his eyesight was defective—below what it should have been and could have been. It is a fact that today thousands and thousands of men and women whose eyesight is seriously impaired are driving automobiles through our congested streets. In spite of all their care in driving as long as their eyesight is bad, it is inevitable that accidents occur with alarming and increasing frequency.

Here are a few surprising facts that I have been able to gather. There are in the U. S. today fifteen and a half million automobiles, twenty percent more than last year. In New York State alone a million and a quarter automobiles are in use.

Last year in this country, highway accidents accounted for the staggering total of nearly twenty-three thousand persons killed. Automobile accidents contributed more than sixteen thousand of these deaths. Twenty-eight hundred more people were killed from automobile accidents last year than the year previous. This increase alone was considerably greater than the total number of deaths from railroad train grade-crossing accidents. Judge the difference for yourself. Railroad grade-crossing fatalities, two thousand two hundred seventy. Automobile fatalities, sixteen thousand four hundred fifty.

Today in this country automobiles account for one out of every six deaths by accidents of all kinds.

A few days ago Secretary Herbert Hoover in referring to this condition, said: "The importance of this question need no emphasis beyond the bold statement of the facts brought out. In 1923 no less than twenty-two thousand six hundred persons were killed, six hundred seventy-eight thousand injured, and six hundred million dollars worth of property damage incurred in traffic accidents. This represents an increase of 80 percent within the last seven years. This is a national loss so appalling as to warrant the most complete consideration and effort at drastic remedy."

Unfortunately, it is impossible as yet to ascertain with absolute accuracy the proportion of automobile accidents which are due to defective vision. Up to the present time, only eight States, Connecticut, Indiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Virginia and Wisconsin have kept adequate records of accidents occurring on the street and highway.

In these eight states the motorist is now required by law to make a complete report of an accident to the proper officials. In all other states public opinion has not yet

been sufficiently aroused to secure enactment of legislation dealing adequately with this vitally important condition.

We do know however, that defective eyesight is a contributing cause of a very large number of fatal automobile accidents. In every instance where the eyesight of motorists has been examined, it has been found that an astonishingly high percentage of them lack normal vision.

For example, five hundred eighty-nine applicants for automobile licenses in Massachusetts recently were given a practical vision test. Of these five hundred eighty-nine, four hundred forty-three were found to have normal vision. Ninety-nine had about one half normal vision. The remaining thirty-nine ranged from half normal down to almost blindness. Seven were found to have such badly impaired eyesight as to render them in the opinion of the state experts absolutely incompetent as operators of motor vehicles. Similar findings have resulted in other states where such tests have been made.

On the basis of these many different tests, we know that therefore at least a million and a half automobile drivers in this country today whose eyesight is defective, so much below normal, that they are unfit to operate an automobile until they get glasses.

You may doubt the truth of this. Well, the California League for the Conservation of Vision, after a long and careful scientific investigation, publishes the statement that:

2% of accidents are due to poor brakes.

25% of accidents are due to recklessness.

In 50% of the accidents investigated, the drivers had defective vision. In Cleveland, Automobile Club investigators have reported similar findings.

I believe you will agree with me that, of all the qualifications for operating an automobile, good eyesight is certainly among the most important. Anyone who thinks about it at all must recognize that the driver of an automobile must have accurate quick eyesight. Under present conditions of congested traffic everywhere clearness and quickness of vision is often the determining factor between safety or accident, life or death.

I know a man who was generally considered a careful driver. He never drove at high speed, and always took reasonable precautions. But every now and then he played a leading role in an automobile accident. Several of them were serious. This man had never been able to satisfy himself as to the reason why he figured in so many accidents. Finally, some one suggested to him that he have his eyesight examined. Shortly afterward he did so. Almost immediately it was discovered he was suffering from a very serious impairment of his vision. Straight ahead he could see perfectly well, but his field of vision was so limited that without turning his head he could see nothing on either side of him. Consequently, as cars approached from side streets he could not see them until they were almost in front of him.

Another instance which came to my attention not long ago related to the case of a professional chauffeur whose eyesight was so badly impaired that after dark he was totally unable to discern objects clearly. He always had to have someone sit beside him when driving at night.

Many similar instances are known to every optometrist. I shall not trouble you with the distressing records of such cases I personally know of.

Our railroads demand regular and rigid eyesight tests of their engineers. But these men do not have to steer. They drive no restricted rights of way protected by every sort of device from accident. Yet we turn people loose in our congested streets to drive automobiles and trucks toward and around us, and we don't interest ourselves at all in whether they can see us or not.

Most of our listeners in my invisible audience are drivers of automobiles. Can every driver among you see the stop signal ahead of him? Can you see the red tail

light far enough ahead? Can you see the shoulder of the road? Can you rely on your eyes to flash the danger to your brain and control muscles in time to avert the smashup?

If you have the slightest doubt as to your own answer to these questions, for your own sake and for the sake of your fellow men and women, have your eyes examined without delay.

There is only one way to prevent automobile accidents due to defective vision among motorists. That way is to require a proper examination of every motorist's vision before granting him a license to operate a motor vehicle.

Pre-Convention Talks

By MILES SWEENEY

(Secretary, New Jersey Branch N. A. D.)



IN THE January SILENT WORKER Supplement under the head "State News" a mistake occurred regarding the date of the coming third bi-ennial convention of the New Jersey Branch of the N. A. D. The writer of those news items fixed the date as February 22, 23, and 24. The correct date is, February 20, 21 and 22. Be careful not to confound those dates. The convention begins on a Saturday and ends on a Monday (Washington's Birthday).

There has been some alarm over the fact that the Frats in Newark are to have a ball on Feb. 22. The etiquette books define a ball as an evening function, beginning at a late hour and devoted wholly to dancing. After all it is a false alarm, and as the state convention officially ends in the afternoon of Feb. 22, there should be plenty of time left to attend the Newark ball. We trust that many Nads will attend that ball, and we expect the Frats to show a like spirit by attending the state N. A. D. convention. The N. F. S. D. and the N. A. D. are twin bodies working in different directions for one sole object—the good of the deaf. Wherever they meet they meet in fond embrace. Every Frat should be a Nad and every Nad a Frat—as far as possible.

The official business program of the convention will be somewhat as follows:

- Invocation—perhaps by Rev. Smaltz
- Roll Call
- President's Address
- Reading of Minutes
- Communications
- Secretary's Report
- Treasurer's Report
- Reports of the various committees
- Old business
- New business
- Election of officers and delegates
- Adjournment sine die

The report of Mr. Beadell, chairman of the auto committee, will be awaited with great interest. Every member of this branch should be on hand to listen to it. The automobile fight, which was brought to a successful issue, is the outstanding achievement of the deaf of this state in recent years. But it is only a peg compared

with what the future has in store. We have to wedge our way quite a lot more before we reach our proper status which is—that of being on equal terms with the hearing wherever possible. This is a corollary from the modern axiom, liberty limited by like liberty for all. This is our aim, and this our right. We have been denied such liberty in many directions and we mean to regain it little by little. We will have to exert ourselves tremendously, it is certain, but we have this consolation—the harder the fight the more glorious the victory.

* * * *

Mr. J. W. Howson, chairman of the committee on laws of the National Association of the Deaf has extended an invitation to the membership to present suggestions as to amending the laws of that organization. I gladly offer mine.

To my mind the present endowment fund plan is—suicide. It should be abolished immediately. A growing organization must have an income in keeping with its growth; to fix limits in such a case were folly. The income from \$50,000 at six per cent is \$3,000. This will do for the president's salary. The income should be \$25,000 at the least, and as the endowment fund in this case will have to reach the prohibitive figure of something over \$400,000, we have no recourse but the membership dues. But, as the present endowment plan also aims to ultimately abolish the membership dues, it is nothing but double-edged suicide.

But, it may be answered, the raising of the initiation fee will make up for the abolishment of the dues. No; not in the long run. Five dollars is as good as ten years' membership at the present rate of dues. But, since many will remain members twenty, thirty, forty or more years, it is evident that the loss to the N. A. D. would be double, triple, quadruple or more. Besides, it is more difficult to get new members at \$5 than at \$1. Even those who could well afford to pay \$10 for a life membership have good reason for not doing so: they mean to remain members longer than twenty years, and after that they do not wish to get something for nothing.

There are three considerations of more moment just now than any others. They are: (1) the formation of branches in all the states, or if this be impossible then in a majority of the states; (2) the obtaining

of a sufficiently large membership; and (3) the retention of the members. These will be severally discussed.

It is imperative that the N. A. D. have branches in every state or at least in a majority of them, for this not only insures equal representation but thorough intercommunication and efficiency in collecting revenue. In order to facilitate the organizing of branches the organizers should be compensated. Let them be paid \$5 or \$10 for every new branch they succeed in forming. So far they have done little or nothing, presumably because they could ill afford to spare the time or expense. There should be at least two local branches in a state in order to make a state branch possible; for it is absurd that one local be representative of the whole state. The more locals in a state the less the proportionate expense of sending a delegate to the national convention. For example, should the expense be \$100, two locals would have to contribute \$50 each; four locals \$25 each; six locals \$12.50 each.

It may, however, be advisable that the N. A. D. have its own delegate fund and go 50-50 with the states in cases where the number of miles the delegate has to travel exceeds a certain number. There are times when the scene of the national convention is too far away for certain of the states to bear the expenses alone; and it seems that the resulting inequality of the traveling expenses of delegates from the various states can only be minimized by having the scene of the convention located as centrally as possible. Assuming that the membership be sufficiently large, a small assessment should take care of this delegate expense matter. Meanwhile, let experience determine.

To return to branch formation. Suppose each state have four locals, that makes 192 for the whole 48 states; add 48 for state branches and the total number of branches will be 240. If the organizers be paid \$10 to form each branch, the cost of forming the whole will amount to \$2,400, which money can hardly be spent to better advantage. For the branches will act as so many beacon lights, attracting and absorbing the deaf population roundabouts.

Now let us consider how to get a large membership. I suggest that the whole membership be put to work in that direction. Pay fifty cents to any member who obtains a new member. This should act as a powerful incentive.

Once in the N. A. D. it will be necessary to consider how to retain the members. I offer what may be called a membership benefit plan. I divide it in two classes, which may be designated Class A and Class B, and which may be made optional. In Class A a member upon attaining a membership of 30 years' continuous good standing shall be entitled to a benefit derived by assessing the whole membership 1 cent each. Now don't laugh. Suppose the whole membership be 50,000, an assessment of one cent each member will amount to \$500, which is more than a member will ever pay in dues and assessments in a life time. It should however, be made a condition that the member shall continue a member thereafter to the end of his life. The assessment need not be made immediately upon the member attaining the 30-year mark; but payment be deferred until after the end of the fiscal year when the number of members who have attained that goal within that period shall be ascertained and the whole membership assessed accordingly. To illustrate: suppose the number of members who have attained the 30-year mark within the fiscal year be 100, the whole membership shall be assessed \$1 each.

In Class B the whole membership shall be assessed 1 cent each upon the death of a member, provided, however,

the deceased had been a continuous member for at least 10 years; the money to be paid to the beneficiary designated. This class befits older persons. It is obvious that a person who first joins the N. A. D. at the age of 70 will hardly be expected to choose Class A, since the probabilities are against his living 30 years longer. On the other hand a young person who chooses Class A. and dies before attaining a 30-year membership is entitled to no benefit. A young consumptive, who has been allowed a few more years to live, had better choose Class B; but then, thanks to the anticipation of a substantial benefit, he may take a new lease on life and outlive the 10-year period—perhaps overcome his ailment and live to a ripe old age. The one condition in Class B is, the member must die before he is entitled to any benefit, even if his membership extends over a period of 30, 40, 50 or more years; but he must die after remaining a member 10 years at the least.

Mr. Howson asks, "Do you think our present law reading 'voting by proxy being permitted absent members in good standing' should be changed?" The whole voting system of the National Association of the Deaf is absurd enough, but it seems that nothing can be done for the present until each state sends an authorized representative in the person of the delegate. This is impossible until local branches are formed, which are to combine in their respective states to elect delegates to the national convention. The deplorable fact is, the N. A. D. is not yet properly organized. We must first get the machinery in good order before it can work right. Let us, therefore, hasten the formation of at least two local branches in every state, in addition to a state branch. Each delegate should have one vote and no more, and he may vote on all matters pertaining to the national business, with perhaps a few important exceptions that had better be subjected to a referendum vote.

"Shall our Association be enlarged to include members from Canada?" It would necessitate a change of the corporate name to the International Association of the Deaf of North America. This high sounding title is too ridiculous in our present situation. Why, we have not yet begun to cut a national figure; and though our present membership would do credit to the lone state of New York, it is but poorly representative of the nation.

After branches have been formed in all or nearly all the states and an ample membership obtained, it will then be time to consider having the officers devote full-time attention to their duties by paying them adequate salaries. Later on we may venture the establishment of a headquarters building and a national home for aged and infirm members. Thus circumstanced, the N. A. D. will be in a position to serve the deaf to the best advantage. Our rights and interests will be well protected; the future of the sign language assured; the aged and infirm cared for; statistics regarding the deaf gathered and kept; public ignorance and prejudice reduced; countless barriers removed; our condition improved all around; These and more shall be our heritage.

Knowing how to do a thing is only half of it. Lots of us know how to fish, but can't go fishing.

Easiest thing on earth to lose is a good reputation. The hardest thing a bad reputation.

One thing wrong with Russia is people who bathe over there are considered dudes.

It is just about time to quit blaming things on the war and start blaming them on themselves.

It Pays to Organize

By C. ALLAN DUNHAM



THE NEW JERSEY DEAF are to be congratulated upon their initiative in having attempted to organize, and upon their success in having done so. As Miles H. Sweeney, in the December SILENT WORKER pointed out, the recent victory of the deaf of New Jersey in their fight for the automobile was due largely to the efficient organization of their branch of the N. A. D. "Being organized and being prepared were synonymous."

The deaf of New York State are indeed slow to realize their possibilities. Is no one awake to the advantages which would accrue to us (the writer is proud of his membership in the N. A. D.) upon our organization? It strikes me that it should be extremely simple, this organization of a state branch of the N. A. D. for Empire State. It must contain at least five hundred Nads.

And not only to the Nads of the Empire State am I speaking, but to the Nads of the United States at large. Just as every state has its Masonic jurisdiction—just as it has its own Red Cross, its own L. O. O. M., its own state branch of almost any national frat or non-fraternal organization one might name off-hand, just so, as I look at it every one of these "more or less United States" should be able to boast its own unit of the N. A. D., with state officers, an annual, biennial or triennial convention, and one or more delegates or alternates to our National biennial Convention.

Any way you look at it the benefits to be derived from organization are the same. Just look back upon the fight the New Jersey deaf has recently completed for the privilege of driving automobiles. Could they have done the same thing in the same length of time, with the same efficiency and at no greater cost, think you, if they had not been backed by the strength of union?

If the rights of we New York State Nads should ever be threatened by such a law as threatened our brother of New Jersey, or by any other law or event whatever, would it not be convenient to have a strong state-wide organization through which to fight; a wise and efficient staff of officers—President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and perhaps Attorney, to handle the details of battle? Would we not regret, if such a time should ever come, our failure to organize?

And there are other things which we might further more efficiently as state branches than as individuals. We might encourage the higher education of the deaf by founding college and university scholarship funds for the assistance of worthy deaf candidates for degrees.

We might more effectively, organized, than we could ever hope to as individuals, boost legislation, the purpose of which is to be of material benefit to the deaf. For instance, a specific problem:

The control of the education of the deaf of New York State is vested in the State Board of Charities. Why should it be there? Though many of the schools for the deaf of the state have the privileges granted by the Board of Regents, the actual control of these and every other school for the deaf of the state is in the hands of the members of the State Board of Charities. Why should not the education of we deaf and our children be as much the duty of the citizens of New York State as is the education of our hearing brothers and sisters? This placing of the control of the institutions for our education and advancement within the State Board of Charities implies the citizens of the state

of New York consider it a privilege to educate us. Is it not instead their duty? As I look at it, it most certainly is.

State branches of the N. A. D. would go a long way toward promoting a stronger feeling of sympathy and brotherhood among the deaf. Don't I hear the protest, "But doesn't the National organization do that? Where one "N. A. D." might attend the National Convention, five, at least, could take in the State affair. And there you are. When the time comes for the selection of cities for the State Conventions, a good plan might be to give preference to the invitations of cities boasting schools for the deaf; then, consider the larger of the cities without them, and, last of all, small cities and towns having deaf populations.

As to the organization and financing of the state branches. Every deaf man, woman and child should be enrolled in both the national organization, and his state branch. Membership in the National organization must, of course, be a prerequisite to membership in the state branch.

I have noticed some discussion recently in the SILENT WORKER, of the advisability of doubling the annual dues. It might be feasible, upon the organization of state branches, to double the annual dues of the National organization, for members whose resident states have organized, and, upon the payment of these double dues, to automatically enroll the member in his state branch.

If our national officers are salaried, why should not our state staffs be, on a lesser scale? And

But I am threatening to dive too deeply into the mere details or organization for this kind of a paper. I set out to discuss the mere feasibility of organizing, and not every last detail. Let's hear from other New York "Nads" concerning their opinions of the formation of a state branch. And then let us set the example to some forty-six other states, both for our own good, as individuals and for the sake of a bigger, better National organization.



Otto Beyer, former pupil of the New Jersey School in charge of an automatic printing press at the Mono-Service Co., in Newark, N. J., since last July

South Dakota Convention

By JAMES H. CLOUD

The South Dakota Association held its tenth convention at Lake Madison June 24-29, inclusive, and completed the first quarter century of its useful existence in a round of business and pleasure. Lake Madison, located on the shore of a lake of the same name, is an attractive Chautauqua resort three miles southeast of Madison and some fifty miles northwest of Sioux Falls. The lake is a beautiful expanse of water about nine miles long and three miles wide and a popular place for fishing, boating, bathing, rest and cool breezes. Aside from the Lake Hotel there are numerous cottages and camping sites which bring the attractions of the resort within reach of most any purse.

The convention was well attended, considering the deaf population of the state, and was marked by splendid harmony and unity of purpose. What it lacked in numbers was made up in public spirit and progressive objectives. Mr. C. H. Loucks, of Aberdeen, founder and first president of the Association, was the president and moving spirit of the Lake Madison convention. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Loucks, Mr. E. P. Olson, Mrs. B. P. Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. James Noble, Mr. Francis C. Gueffroy, and Mrs. Jesse Beardsly Johnson. The Rev. Dr. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, an official guest of the Association, also took an active part in the proceedings.

The Association decided to continue offering cash rewards for the arrest and conviction of "deaf" impostors, a plan which had proven effective in the past; to try and secure a purely educational classification for the State School; and to devise ways and means for the raising of the Home Fund. The following officers were elected to serve until the next regular convention: President, E. P. Olson; Vice-President, James Noble; Secretary, Francis C. Gueffroy. The treasurer, Mr. — was re-elected.

Retiring President Loucks was presented with a gold filled fountain pen and eversharp pencil in token of appreciation of his long and efficient services in behalf of the Association. It was decided to meet again at Lake Madison next summer, in special session, and to hold the next regular meeting three years later.

"My son," said the irate parent, "I am surprised, mortified and amazed to find that you are the last of the class. I can hardly believe it possible."

"Why, father," replied the son, "it is the easiest thing in the world."

KISSING THE BABY

Young mother—"The doctor says people shouldn't kiss the baby; it isn't sanitary."

Caller—"Poor little fellow; why don't you wash him?"

WOULDN'T MARRY HER FOR MONEY

She—"So many men marry for money. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, dearest?"

He (absently)—"No, darling; I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

"Now, don't be greedy with your roller skates, Bobbie said mother."

"You must lend them to Ethel sometimes."

"I do, mother," said Bobbie. "She has them up the hills and I have them down."



South Dakota Association Convention at Lake Madison, S. D., June 25-29, 1925

Reviewed the S. Dak. Association
at the 10th Annual Convention
at Lake Madison, June 25-29, 1925

A Deaf Traveler's Experience With Signs as Used Abroad

I was amazed to discover that my knowledge of signs and pantomime served me not at all where my knowledge of language failed me. This was a keen disappointment. I had pictured myself surrounded by those from the boat whose high school French and Berlitz Spanish would not work, getting the dope from me through signs. Divvel a bit! If you should ask me I'd tell you that they know nothing of pantomime anywhere in Europe, outside of the theatre. They have their signs, yes. Some of them are almost universal, but they are not natural signs. They are signs simply established through common usage. For instance wagging a finger in a negative fashion means "nothing doing" from Italy to Cairo. And a most valuable sign it is to acquire, for the great difficulty of foreign travel is to cope with beggars and vendors. They can not pretend to misunderstand you, if you wag a negative finger in a positive and final fashion.

Each country seemed to have its pet sign, so that if you knew that sign you had the native tongue by the tail. In Madeira this sign was a slight shrug of the shoulders and a fluttering of the open hands. Literally it meant, "Maybe so and maybe not" or, "Sometimes yes, and then again, no." It was surprising to see how this reply fitted into all conversation, once you acquired the knack. For drawing it fine, you fluttered the palm up if inclined to be optimistic, and down when things looked dark.

In Spain they had a great many signs, nearly all unintelligible to me. They gesticulate when they talk nearly as much as the French, but in a less lively manner.

I was exasperated at the prevailing stupidity with pantomime. I was anxious to visit the Cathedral in Seville a second time. It was for me the most impressive edifice I had ever seen. Its tower is the Giralda after which Madison Square Garden tower was copied. You would think that such a wonderful pile would be known to every human within the city. All streets should lead to it. Its magnificence does not dominate the city as does the Capitol in Washington. Only from certain streets can one see the beautiful tower. So I asked directions of one person after another by very graphically indicating its immensity, holding my hands in devout meditation, crossing myself, and then eagerly seeking the direction. It drew a crowd, to my gratification, but the crowd took it as a bit of free side-show, and made no effort to lead me hence.

The only intelligent man in Seville to me was the keeper of a store, from whom I indicated that I would buy a set of castinets if he would teach me their manipulation. For a fat man he did a very beautiful representation of a fandango, then indicated that was not his line. —*Bert L. Forse in The Buff and Blue.*

What this country needs is to want what it needs.



Hortense, three-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Solomon, also granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Levi, of New York, all deaf-mutes except the baby



This is a good picture of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Todd, of Brighton, N. Y. This charming couple are noted for their wonderful hospitality and they frequently open their charming home on Clover Road to many parties, which have been attended by their number of friends. Both are from the Rochester School. Ira is employed at the Hicocks.

Deaf-Mute Magician of Note

DEAF MAGICIANS are very rare. Many years ago there was one who gave very clever performances all over the country. His name is not available to the writer. Today there is another who has attracted considerable attention. His name is Joseph Ledden of Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Leddon's stage career started when he was sixteen. He used to give many entertainments for the pupils at the Rochester School. Business men and prominent people

such as to fit himself to fill any engagement in any part of the world.

Joseph Ledden, 285 Wellington Ave., Rochester, N. Y., was born at Ashford, N. Y., August 15, 1898. He became deaf when he was two years old from catarrh.

After graduating from the Rochester School for the Deaf he attended the Bevier School of Applied and Fine Arts, at Mechanic Institute, graduating in June, 1923.

At present he is assisting Mr. Norman Edwards, the art director of the Eastman Theatre Annex in scenes for the Rochester American Opera and Ballet and he is still at it.

The only way to rest is to get away from the rest.

CONCERNING DEAF WORKERS

Many persons of sound hearing, especially employers, have a particular penchant for misjudging the deaf or partially deaf, concerning their working ability.

I have found that nearly 90 per cent of the deaf make good workers as any reasonable employer could expect.

In fact the deaf worker has been rated in several instances a better and more efficient craftsman than most men possessed of normal hearing.

They are known to be more attentive, faster and neater workmen. It's because they think more and talk less during working hours. Think it over.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



Joseph Ledden

of Rochester often watched his tricks when he entertained at school. They noticed that his work was of high order, so it led to his securing many requests to perform his tricks at smokers, parties and socials in the city. From this it was but a step to the vaudeville stage. He has been performing tricks in vaudeville ever since, meeting with success wherever the vaudeville took him.

He has exhibited before the deaf in Toronto, Ont., Canada, and also at the All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, Pa., under the charge of Mrs. Nancy Moore.

He does his act silently in a clear, artistic and graceful manner, which meet very well with the people out in front.

Those who have seen Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad" performing all sorts of tricks and illusions, will be surprised to know that they were illusions by photoplay. He does the same tricks and performs the same illusions before the eyes of the audience.

Mr. Ledden can do most of Thruston's (the great magician) tricks.

Among the newest mysteries are the Haunted Cabinet and Blocks of Quong Hi, Spirit Paintings, and Floating Ball which floats right into the audience, the Chest of Chu Chin Chow and Broadcasting Himself.

He feels quite sure that his experience and training are

"Do You Recognize 'Em?"

By J. L. KENDALL



This is a more becoming picture of our N. A. D. Vice-President Underhill, isn't it, than that in the July issue of the SILENT WORKER sitting in an Emperor's chair.

Mrs. Blanche (Wilkins) Williams

The subject of this sketch, Mrs. Blanche W. Williams, is a native of La Crosse, Wis., and a graduate of the Minnesota School for the Deaf at Faribault, class of 1893. She lost her hearing at an early age, but in spite of her



Mrs. Blanche Williams

handicap, thanks to the excellent educational advantages, under able instructors, which she enjoyed at Faribault, she became the most accomplished deaf lady of her race in America.

Two years after her graduation from the Minnesota School Mrs. Williams accepted a position in the literary department of the school for the Colored Deaf and Blind at Raleigh, N. C. Some three years later she resigned to accept a similar position, at a large salary, at the School for the Colored Deaf and Blind at Austin, Texas. After teaching at Austin for a year she returned to Raleigh as the bride of Mr. Charles N. Williams, recently elected principal of the School for the Colored Deaf and Blind, a hearing man, a graduate of Lincoln University, Penna. Back again at the School at Raleigh Mrs. Williams organized a technical sewing and fancy work department—teaching sewing and dressmaking to the deaf girls and the blind girls crocheting and knitting. Later she took a position in the literary department in which she also was quite successful. Mr. Williams died suddenly in 1907 leaving two small children, a son and daughter, to be cared for by Mrs. Williams. She managed to get along all right until the children had finished grammar school.

In order to give her children the benefit of a high school education in a northern state Mrs. Williams resigned from the North Carolina School and returned to Chicago to reside. The death of her son and the marriage of her daughter, which occurred within the two years following her return to the north, led Mrs. Williams to consider missionary work among people of her own race in that city. Before her marriage, and while a resident of Chi-

cago, Mrs. Williams had been confirmed at All Angel's Episcopal Mission then in charge of the late Rev. A. W. Mann.

There is a considerable and ever increasing number of colored deaf in Chicago among whom the need of direction and help along social, educational, industrial, and religious lines is ever present and urgent. As Mrs. Williams had a living to make the time at her disposal for welfare work among her own people, a work near and dear to her heart, was quite limited. In the very nature of things her field was most difficult and beset with discouragements and her efforts have not always met with the co-operation and appreciation they have deserved. However, Mrs. Williams has persisted, and still persists, actuated by the faith that service in a righteous cause must bear good fruit eventually if not soon.

A few months ago Mrs. Williams accepted an offer to teach at the School for the Colored Blind and Deaf at Austin, where she formerly taught, and where she is at present engaged. Being a woman of exceptional talent, possessed of a pleasing personality, favorably endowed and polished in the social graces Mrs. Williams is an outstanding exponent of progress for, by, and of the deaf people of her race.

J. H. CLOUD.

Distance lends enchantment to a summer resort.

The way to leave footprints on the sands of time is to get out and dig.



Lillian Schubert Ethridge, hearing daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Schubert, of Oneida Castle, N. Y., both graduates of the Rome (N. Y.) School for the Deaf. Mother's maiden name was Nettie M. Olds. Mrs. Ethridge is a trained nurse, now holding a temporary position at the New Jersey School for the Deaf, relieving the regular nurse who has a year's leave of absence.

The Baby's Health Menu

By HELENA LORENZ WILLIAMS



OME people still disapprove of the amount of attention that we lavish these days on babies. "In the good old days," they lament, "children grew into healthy men and women and lived to a good old age, without regulated sleep and prescribed feeding." What they forget is, that few generations ago only the hardy baby survived at all. Babies that could not be nursed by their mothers had a small chance to live, because medical science knew little or nothing about satisfactory substitutes for breast feeding except the use of cow's milk. As many as 150 to 300 babies of every 1000 born would die "in the good old days."

The most important thing to a baby is his food. True enough, its proper preparation requires time and infinite care, but the mother's reward is the difference between strong, rosy-cheeked, smiling youngster, and a sickly, pale wistful-eyed one.

One of the first things to learn about a baby's stomach is that it cannot digest foods suitable for adults any more than his muscles are able to lift a chair. Only suitable food can build up the necessary strength and resistance he will need in later life to meet physical and mental strains. First in the diet comes milk, mother's milk preferably. If the mother cannot nurse her baby, then his food should be prepared and adjusted under the careful supervision of a physician. But even quite young babies can have more than milk for their meals. Not many years ago, the mother who fed a child under six months anything else was popularly supposed to be jeopardizing his life. Nowadays medical authorities agree that children grow faster and are stronger if orange or tomato juice is given them by the second month, and carefully strained vegetable-juice by the fifth or sixth month. Even egg-yolk may be beneficial at that age, but it should only be fed under definite directions from the family doctor.

Thoroughly cooked cereal, in small quantities, may be added to the diet of the healthy baby by the seventh or eighth month, and the amount of fruit-juice and vegetable-juice may then be increased. During the first part of the second year, mashed vegetables, a small amount at a time, may also be included.

Lucy H. Gillet in her recent book, "Food for Health's Sake," gives her readers an average menu for the toddler, that is the baby between two and three years old, which we give below:

Breakfast—6:30 to 7:30 A.M.

Cereal—2 to 4 tablespoonfuls of any well-cooked cereal

Milk—1 cup

Bread—1 slice (day old)

Butter on bread after 14th month

Luncheon—10 to 11 A.M.

Fruit-juice—1 to 3 tablespoonfuls of orange-juice, prune pulp, apple sauce, very ripe peach or pear

Dinner—12 M. to 1 P.M.

Cereal, and potatoe soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, or broth with cereal cooked in it.

Egg—3 or 4 times a week after 14th month

Milk—1 cup (may be given in the soup)

Bread—1 slice. (day old)

Butter on bread after 14th month

Vegetable strained or chopped fine—1 to 3 teaspoonfuls (may be given in the soup or as a separate dish)

Spinach

Potatoes

Lettuce

String-beans

Green peas

Celery

Carrots

Peas

Young beets

Young onions

Dessert—custard, junket, cornstarch or rice pudding

Lunch—3:30 P.M.

Bread—1 slice

Milk—1 cup

Supper—5 to 6 P.M.

Fruit—1 to 2 tablespoonfuls may be given after 18th month

(may be given after 18th month)

Bad habits of eating can often be avoided by not allowing the baby even to taste the food that elders eat. If the highly seasoned dishes appeal to his palate he will cry for more. Then, if the indulgent mother yields to his demand, she lays the foundation for future digestive troubles and other illnesses.

"It is so hard to teach my children to like the foods that are good for them," we often hear mothers complain. This is a sad truth which has taxed the patience and good judgment of thousands of mothers. There is only one method that will simplify this problem, and that is, not to allow the baby to have his own way in this matter from the very start. Do not permit him to develop a finicky appetite if you would have him healthy and sweet-tempered. Healthy eating habits begun in childhood are one of the greatest preventives of tuberculosis. Malnutrition, one of the causes of this disease, often results from a pampered appetite. For this reason the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated organizations spend large sums of money every year to help teach the American public how to eat healthfully. seventeenth annual Christmas seal sale which furnishes funds for this work will be held throughout the country during December this year.

Love is the only thing on earth that can make a taxi fare seem small.

Minneapolis man bit off his wife's ear. This is considered ill bred in select circles.

The National hoe Buyers held a speakers' banquet, and this is a plan that should become popular.



Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Dunn, a popular couple residing at Elmwood Park, Illinois.

APHORISMS

BY "THE HERMIT OF OLYPHANT"

We are always suspicious of things we do not understand.

Some people think so much of others that they wait until they are dead before saying a good word about them.

Conscience is like an over-weighted freight train, now swaying to one side, then to the other.

Those who doubt the efficacy of prayer are advised that his prayer is answered who raises from his knees a better man.

Henry Ward Beecher said, "Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, inveracities, insinuations and misrepresentations against him."

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

Abraham Lincoln said, "I do not think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday."

It is not always necessary to have much experience in order to judge others rightly, provided one has a large heart.

Error falls fast upon the footsteps of truth, and sometimes truth is left far behind.

The less people speak of their greatness the more others think of it.

We prefer to believe that which our hopes sustain rather than to credit anything that antagonizes them.

Today is the pupil of yesterday and the teacher of tomorrow.

We let "Charity" go too far when in defending the reputations of the dead we bury those of the innocent living.

"I will," is the mark of a great mind; "I wish," the mark of a little one.

The time to be happy is now. The place to be happy is here. The way to be happy is to make other people happy.

The world may owe you a living but you must collect the debt yourself.

Success lies in what you do with what you have.

If you don't mean to be stepped on, keep stepping yourself—and lively!

The fortunate do not know themselves and therefore do not know the unfortunate.

Of what importance is your patience if you can't find it when you need it?

You do most good to yourself when you are doing good to others.

The community is full of fault-finders; they depreciate everything and everyone—are never known to praise—except themselves. To see them talk, one would suppose the Alphabet to consist of but one letter—"I"; and language of only one word—"Me!"

Speech is the index of the mind.

Keep your troubles to yourself—do not let them annoy others.

A man without a sense of humor goes through life like a Tin Lizzie with outworn springs!

ZENOISMS

"Scotchman gave his kid twopence for going without supper then, when the child was asleep, took the coin and next morning made the youngster go without breakfast for losing the twopence."

Somebody gave us two cents to discard the sign-language and compelled us to get along with little or no education for losing the two cents.

Have you noticed how clever those girls with rolled-down stockings are at making the sign of "shocked at the bare idea?"

Yes, my definition of a 100% N. A. D. president is a simple one. He must have small ability and a large collection plate.

Oralist to sign-maker: "Signs are hash."

Sign-maker to oralist: "You get only the bone from which hash is made."

If the college dad has also to send his daughter to college and is worried about it, is it because he has abnormal memory?

The commonest double play is from common deaf-mute to Gallaudet to memorial building.

How foolish of a State to protect an educational method which, if suited to the deaf, needs no protection and, if unsuited to them, will work no good.

No, it is not true that oralism does not teach. It merely teaches little at a time.

It is a curious civilization which has nice rules for oralism and lets the sign language do as it pleases.

Correct this language: "Semi-mutes are so much smarter and more famous than deaf-mutes," says he. "They never invent offensive signs. They do not hog editors' swivel chairs. They cheerfully give away Frat or N. A. D. offices. They are not all clergymen. They will—every one of them—die true to the sign-language."

Convention slow-motion picture: "Member paying \$10 for life-membership."

Famous last words: "Zenoisms are at last correctly printed."
ZENO.

What a Retired Minister Says

Retired Methodist minister looks on the most unique service he has ever been in. He describes other services he has been in, but this one is far the most unique, he says.—Rev. C. F. Sherrill in the *Star*, Shelby, N. C.

In my time I have been in many unique religious services. On a holy Sabbath morning I stood by the casket of a suicide and read the burial services of the dead. A young white man, standing on a scaffold, the black cap on his head, the sheriff ready to spring the trap, I preached a short sermon to the living.

I preached once in two counties. The county line ran down the aisle, midway through the pulpit, and I was sometimes in one county and sometimes in the other.

I preached a high sermon once—to the guests of Eager Nest Hotel, on the top of Junaluska Mountain over Waynesville, 5,000 feet above the sea level. Sunday morning at breakfast the manager of Moore's Spring announced that I would preach to the guests at 11 o'clock in the dance hall. I preached a sermon once 30 miles long. Carrying a crowd of leaguers to a three days' convention at Los Angeles and a six days' convention at San Francisco, Sunday morning as the Southern Pacific was nearing Los Angeles at the rate of 40 miles an hour the leaguers asked me to hold divine service for them.

The most unique service, perhaps, that I was ever in was last Sunday morning in Shelby, when Mr. A. C. Miller Jr., a deaf-mute, preached to the deaf. It was a service of reverence. Not a word was spoken. After all, in spiritual things, the soul cannot hear the ear.

Everything was by signs—hands, fingers eyes and head. They hear with their eyes as we hear with our ears. They kept their eyes on the preacher. When Mr. Miller lifted his eyes to heaven, put his hand on his ear, his lips and his heart, I thought he said: 'O God, hear the words of our mouth and the meditations of our hearts.'

Mr. Miller's text was Acts 22:16. The songs sung were, "More Love to Thee, O Christ" and "Hark, Hark, my Soul."

They were not a sad looking people. Shut out from the rattle of the automobile and from the siren voice of the world, they have time to meditate on things divine. Who are more fortunate—we hear so much, or they? Mr. Miller is doing a wonderful work. He went Sunday afternoon to preach at Hickory. He feels to the work. Lift up your hearts in prayer, friends, for these good people and their preacher.

MARRIAGES

December 14, 1925, at Dallas, Texas, Roy E. Orr and Miss Christine Snyder.

December 21, 1925, at Waco, Texas, Ford Corley and Lillian Bendelle.

October 30, 1925, at Frost, Texas, Alva Dunagan and Mary Chriesman.

DEATHS

December 8, 1925, at Dallas, Texas, John D. Bishop, aged 21, of tuberculosis.

Lest You Forget

The SILENT WORKER has been serving the Deaf for thirty-seven years. It has always improved and will continue to improve if the Deaf keep faith with us. The SILENT WORKER is in a class by itself; there is nothing like it in the world and its equipment is unequalled. To keep it going

THE DEAF MUST SUPPORT IT WITH THEIR BRAINS AND THEIR DOLLARS

When you renew your subscription ask a friend or two to subscribe also, or better still get as many as you can. Once a subscriber, always a subscriber. Only \$2.00 a year and if you are a Nad we pay your dues. Send to

THE SILENT WORKER
Trenton, N. J.

The Buff and Blue

a college magazine

Published by the Undergraduates
of

Gallaudet College

*The only college for the Deaf
in the world*

The Buff and Blue is a literary publication containing short stories, essays, and verse, contributed by students and Alumni. The Athletics, Alumni and Local departments and the Kappa Gamma Fraternity notes are of great interest to those following Gallaudet activities.

Every deaf person should be a reader of the Buff and Blue. Subscription \$1.50 a year.

Gallaudet College
Washington, D. C.

THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Miss Emily Sterck

NO LACK OF PUBLICITY IN OHIO

The Ohio school has just installed a battery of three new linotypes, also a fine new press, and other equipment accordingly. With the facile pen of Dr. Jones pointing the way the next Convention at Columbus surely will not lack for publicity.—*South Dakota Advocate*.

In his memoirs now running in the papers the late Thomas R. Marshall relates a story that is of interest to the deaf. At the close of the Civil War the government detailed its surplus officers to the different colleges over the country for military instruction. The one sent to Wabash, where Marshall was a student, had been, at one time during the war, in command at Camp Morton. This officer once sent the regimental band to serenade the school for the deaf! Mr. Marshall says the employees appreciated the music, the pupils admired the uniforms and the public enjoyed the joke.—*Hoosier (Ind.)*

The *Saturday Evening Post* for October 10, contains a story, "The Excellent Clerk," that is of especial interest to our profession, inasmuch as it deals chiefly with a murder trial in which one of the witnesses is deaf. The queer thing about it is that no one in the court, save the witness herself and her mistress, knew of her deafness. She was examined and cross-examined by the lawyers, and read their lips and answered. Finally the clerk of the lawyer for the defense discovered the deafness, and this had an important bearing on the outcome of the trial. It is an interesting story, well written, but to us of the profession it is rather far-fetched.—*Minnesota Companion*.

A DEAF UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

We have heard of the deaf engaging in many professions, but it was only recently that we learned Oklahoma has a licensed deaf undertaker and embalmer. Mr. Alex Chaney, a graduate of this school, is in charge of the funeral home of his father's hardware store in McAlester. Alex passed the state examinations with high honors and is held in respect by the members of the State Undertakers Association. As far as we know, Mr. Chaney is the only deaf undertaker in the United States.—*The Oklahoman*.

A NOTED DEAF WORKMEN

Mr. William Lipgens, of New York, has, says an exchange, just delivered to a patron, through one of the largest jewelry houses on Fifth Avenue, what he considers one of his greatest achievements since he came to America from Germany. It was a heavy platinum ring for an officer who had served the United States in two wars, one while a Naval entrusted to Mr. Lipgens, who reproduced the insignia of the two branches of the service on opposite sides surmounted with American eagle. Even blase experts were amazed at the unusual display of art craftsmanship and marvelled at the artist's display of talent as a designer, as hitherto they had only known him as a master workman who carried out the ideas of others. When working at this branch of his art, Mr. Lipgens is frequently reimbursed at a high rate—probably a world record, so far as deaf workers go.—*Mississippiian*.

A propos of our editorial paragraph issue of this paper on "A Telephone for the Deaf," a friend sent us a postcard the other day with the following inscription, "Cheer up, Brother! See November *Popular Mechanics*, Page 706." We acted on the suggestion, and found an article treating of recent successful experiments by S. Francis Jenkins in the transmission of reflected light from moving objects. Mr. Jenkins believes that in the course of time people will be able to see as well as hear over the radio, and that people can sit at home and see what is going on in the world around them. Since reading that, the horizon of our view has assumed a more roseate hue. Who knows but that, some day in the near future, when a President is inaugurated, an interpreter may stand beside him on the inaugural stand, and interpret for the deaf people of the country who are "listening in" with their eyes?—*Minnesota Companion*.

LEEDS DEAF SCHOOL'S MEMORIAL TO MASTER

A memorial to the late Mr. Edward Alfred Kirk, who up to the time of his death in March, 1924, had been for 40 years head master of the Leeds School for Deaf Children, was unveiled recently at the school in Blenheim Walk. It is intended to form a library for the scholars, and the memorial comprises a handsome oak bookcase with a brass tablet,

surmounted by a large photo framed in oak, the whole being in close proximity to the desk at which Mr. Kirk presided for so long. The memorial was unveiled by Mr. George Kirk, a member of the Deaf School staff, and son of the late head master, who was recognised as a pioneer and authority on his special branch of education.—*British Deaf Times*.

OUR NEW EQUIPMENT

Three new linotypes and a larger printing press have been installed the past week. This gives a battery of five linotypes, which would appear to be satisfactory but so many pupils sought assignments to the printing department that five more machines could be used to good advantage.

It is wonderful how children are drawn to enterprise. It is a good lesson to all teachers of industry. They must make their department highly successful to command the respect of children. This can be done only by hard work, enthusiasm, with a strong show of progress. Children like system, order, close application and a vigorous accounting of their time. They do not like to stand around idle. They have no respect for a teacher who has no respect for his department. And they are good judges.

But we are glad to have the new machines and a larger printing press. The printing department will make the most of them.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

A FINE ART NUMBER

The October number of the *Silent Worker* is largely devoted to notable artists among the deaf, particularly Humphrey Moore, the painter, Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, and Cadwalader Washburn, the etcher, in America, and Minkowski, and the brothers Zubiaurre, internationally known painters in Europe and Ebstein, the sculptor.

Several minor and less known deaf artists are also spoken of at length in elaborately illustrated articles. Among these are Phillips Lewis, of California, Granville Redmond, painter, and also movie actor, George Olsen, who specializes in commercial art, Albert V. Ballin, and Kelly H. Stevens.

The *Silent Worker* is to be congratulated upon the excellence of this number which is a revelation of what the deaf can do in art, and an inspiration to ambitious young deaf people who are still at the foot of ladder of fame.—*South Dakota Advocate*.

DEAF DROWNED AS BOAT SINK

Miami, Fla., Nov. 24.—Two men, both deaf were drowned in the waters of Biscayne bay last night and the third member of a fishing party swam a mile to shore and brought back a graphic tale of the tragedy.

Chilled with wet clothing, Curtis Davidson, of Birmingham, Ala., a mute staggered into the Y. M. C. A. shortly before 11 o'clock last night and tried to tell his story to S. H. Roberts, the night secretary.

Shivering with cold, he penciled with a shaking hand the story of how he and Fred Hail of Fort Lauderdale and Carl Hendricks of somewhere in North Carolina, started out yesterday on a fishing trip. As they were coming in last night, their boat sank and the two men chilled by the waters, sank to the bottom. Davidson swam a mile to shore with his clothing on.

"I tried to save them but it was too dark and I could not see them. Davidson wrote.

Searching parties left this morning in an effort to locate the boat and bodies of the two men.—*Anniston Star*.

A DEAF MAN'S WORD SAVED LIVES

An extraordinary story of how a dumb man, a peer of the realm, was given the power to utter one word, thereby saving many lives, was told Dr. Kennion, bishop of Bath and Wells, at the dedication of new home for deaf-mutes in Bath, England. The peer was a former Lord Carbery and a friend of Dr. Kennion.

"Lord Carbery," said the bishop, was aboard a steamer sailing from Cory to Bristol. A dense fog came on and passengers could see nothing.

Even the lookout man was unaware of danger, when Lord Carbery, who was sitting in the bow, shouted loudly, 'Land!'

"It often happens when God has deprived man of one sense he increases the power of another. Lord Carbery was able to see what others could not and realizing the ship was making straight for the black mass, his excitement forced that one word from his lips.

"The captain put the helm round the vessel, just skimmed past the Southernmost rock of Lundy Island. We all had a most narrow escape, and many lives were saved by Lord Carbery's warning."—*Pathfinder*.

MAN WHO STARTED FIRST U. S. SCHOOL FOR DEAF HONORED

In memory of Col. William Bolling, who established the first school of instruction for the deaf in America, at Cobbs, near Petersburg, Va., in 1812, a handsome bronze tablet was unveiled at the Virginia School for the Deaf and the Blind, Staunton, November 6th. The memorial was presented on behalf of the Virginia Association of the Deaf by R. Aumon Bass, of the Virginia School for the Deaf and the Blind faculty and chairman of the memorial committee. At the exercises C. C. Quinley, of Washington, president of the Virginia Association of the Deaf, presided.

The tablet carries an engraving of the school and the inscription reads:

"Cobbs, the first school for the education of the deaf in America. In the year 1812 Col. William Bolling established a school for the deaf at his home, Cobbs, near Petersburg, Va., which was taught by John Braidwood of the famous Braidwood School, of Edinburgh, Scotland. This tablet is erected by the Virginia Association of the Deaf, 1925.—*Baltimore Sun*.

DEAFNESS

I have been deaf since, a child, I learned to paw my lyre, but I have long been reconciled to this affliction dire. My friends come to me, full of cheer, to tell of patent traps; with some such doodad in my ear, I'd hear like other chaps. "You miss so much," they sadly say, "You're out of every treat; a great soprano comes today, with voice sublime and sweet. Tomorrow there's a grand debate upon a vital theme; and orators renowned and great will make the eagle scream. Our local Drama League tonight an Ibsen play will spring, and Miss Doolittle will recite "Why Curfew Shall Not Ring." And you lose out on all these treats because your ears are bad; why don't you purchase Dr. Pete's New Auditory Pad?" It is a splendid thing, my friends, to have a good excuse, when someone to your doorway wends and asks you to cut loose from tempting books and easy chair, from things that you adore, and to some lecture hall repair, to hear a dismal bore. I say: "It grieves me to the quick, and also to the slow, that I can't hear that gifted hick, but I am deaf, you know." The man whose hearing is all right must fake a fable tall, when he is asked to spend the night in some cheap concert hall. It is a blessing to be deaf, and dodge the talksmith's crime, yet have good hearing when the chief announces dinner time.—*Walt Mason*.

SALARIES OF TEACHERS OF THE DEAF AND THEIR PROFESSIONAL PREPARATION

In an article elsewhere (on page 1) we call attention to the increases in salary allowed public school teachers including teachers in the day schools for the deaf in New York City. It is noticeable that the minimum salary of teachers of the deaf is fixed at \$2000.00, or \$500.00 more than the minimum allowed kindergarten and grade teachers through the sixth grade. Maximum allowed teachers of the deaf is \$3450.00 as compared with \$3075.00 for grade teachers, this maximum being attainable after the twelfth year of service.

The highly specialized work of teachers of the deaf is thus financially recognized in New York as in practically all other large cities of the country where day schools for the deaf are conducted.

Last spring the Missouri school at Fulton, where living is probably as cheap as anywhere in the country and certainly much cheaper than in the large cities, took an advanced step in the matter of salaries by raising six or seven women teachers from a maximum of \$1620.00 to \$1920.00 and other salaries accordingly.

This placed the women on near equality with the men, who had all been receiving \$2000.00.

In South Dakota the average of teachers' salaries has been increased by practically \$200.00 since January 1922.

From the Ohio school comes a deep groan because of the loss of some thirteen teachers on account of the low salaries paid, and the impossibility of replacing them except with untrained and inexperienced young people fresh from the normal schools and colleges, to be trained to teach the deaf in the Ohio school and promptly move on to higher salaries than Ohio pays unless conditions there change. But Dr. Jones and the good people of Ohio will see that they change.

We cannot demand higher standards of teaching, broader foundational equipment in education, more scientific and through specialized training to begin with, and more continuous study and attendance at summer schools and conventions, etc. after having begun work in the classroom, without paying the salaries that these standards require. But with increasing salaries here and there standards are being raised, and the teachers who are content to try to get into the work by the side door as it were, with inadequate education preparation, with six weeks' intensive specialized training or perhaps none at all, and who are willing once they get in, to try to get along without the effort and time required for additional professional study, reading, attendance at summer training schools etc., will find it more and more difficult to maintain a footing as teachers of the deaf.

Many splendid teachers have come into our work in a more or less accidental way, but by intensive concentration upon their work and embracing every opportunity for improvement have made good. But with rising standards, such a haphazard, chance method of securing good teachers will be ruled out. The day of the untrained teacher of the deaf is passing. In this connection one of the greatest needs of our work will be strong well organized summer schools in different sections of the country where the wide demand for more and better training can be properly met.—*The South Dakota Advocate*.

DEAF MAN CAN HEAR RADIO, NO RECEIVER USED

What on its face seems to be a remarkable case of psychic phenomenon, is that of George L. Turk, 74-year-old resident of Lytle Creek, who, almost stone deaf, asserts that he is able to hear radio music and wireless telegraphy without the aid of any mechanical receiving set, save only with the undiscovered something of the brain which brings the sound to his recognition.

On account of his affliction, deafness, he likewise asserts that he can hear with his teeth by placing a metallic object that has in it the sound waves. This phenomenon is not as rare as that of hearing radio waves without a mechanical device.

In explaining the matter to Attorney John A. Hadaller yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Hitchin, at Lytle Creek, Mr. Turk stated: "I began to hear these radio sounds about November of last year. Since that time I hear music and speeches and wireless telegraphy al-

most daily, sometimes better than other times, and in some places better than at other places. I hear best when standing or lying near the fireplace in my cabin."

Here Mr. Turk was asked whether the sheet-iron chimney, supported by guywires and a crosscut saw which lies almost against the chimney, had anything to do with it. He continued:

"It may be, for I always hear best right near that chimney, but I sometimes hear sounds like radio right out in the open. The unfortunate part of it is that I can't shut out what I don't want. I hear from several stations at once and it is not pleasant. I seldom hear anything in the morning, but in the afternoon, and at night I hear quite often.

"It often keeps me awake until 12 o'clock at night, and especially when that jazz music comes on I am pretty much disturbed for I am not particularly fond of jazz music. On Sundays I often hear church music, and sometimes I get preaching, but I ain't very religious."

After a great deal of questioning, it was further discovered that Mr. Turk had used a telephone but once in his entire lifetime, due to deafness after an attack of measles since his twenty-fourth year.

William Hitchin, a neighbor, who had previously lived with Mr. Turk for about five years, declared that his friend, due to a great deal of very solid reading, had never been inclined to accept anything that did not have a real basis in fact, and which could not also be scientifically demonstrated.

Much inquiry elicited the impression that Mr. Turk was not suffering from any apparent delusions, but was a stern, hardheaded thinker. The questioning was carried on with some difficulty owing to almost complete deafness, but his answers always revealed the fact that he not only got the question but understood it in full. He never stated more than he understood, but he was emphatic that he was hearing radio music, wireless telegraphy, and especially music made by stringed instruments, such as the violin.

The matter has attracted some considerable attention in that part of Lytle Creek and Mr. Hadaller intends to report the case to the American Society for Psychical Research, of which Dr. Walter Prince, formerly pastor of the Episcopal church of this city, is now the secretary, with offices in New York.—*San Bernardino (Calif.) Evening Telegram.*

Five deaf men are employed in the Diamond Match factory near Chico.

At present five graduates of the Oakland Oral Day School are attending local high schools—four at the University High School and one at the Fremont High School.

The deaf of Los Angeles invited Mr. Runde to deliver the annual Gallaudet lecture in that city December 12th and also to be the guest of honor at the Gallaudet Banquet, December 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. O'Donnell have left the Santa Cruz mountains and are down at sea level—Pacific Grove—Where they have more comforts for the winter. They expect to stay there through the winter as Pacific Grove has a very good winter climate. Their residence in the mountains completely restored Mr. O'Donnell to health and strength. The invigorating air of the timbered mountains and the peacefulness and quietness of the

surroundings are ideal for overtired nerves.

Mr. Edward Cronin of Diamond was given a surprise, Sept. 22nd, with a birthday gift of a shirt and a tie from the office employees of Station B, Pacific Gas and Electric Company, at Oakland. He has been the head janitor of the office for many years. Eddie, as the employees call him, is popular. He is hard to beat at checkers, clever in boxing stunts, and easy to understand in natural and mimic signs. He has just finished a new cottage in place of the old one on his lot. Mrs. Cronin's brother came from Fresno and helped build it. When it was completed, the town officials made an inspection and praised Mr. Cronin for the right kind of building in accordance with the ordinances. He bought the lot and built a house thereon with what money he had earned at Station B. He says he can sell his property for \$6,000 if he wishes to.—*The California News.*

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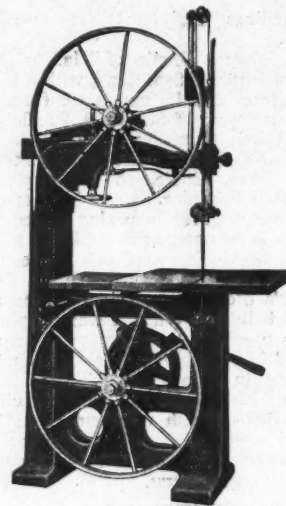
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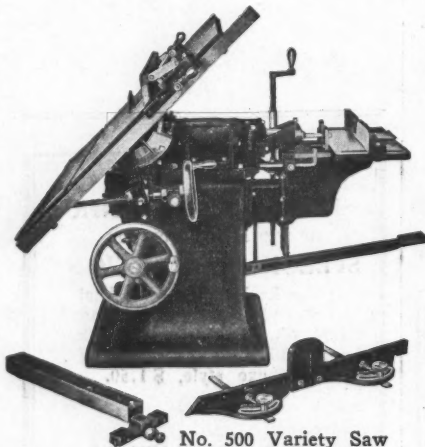
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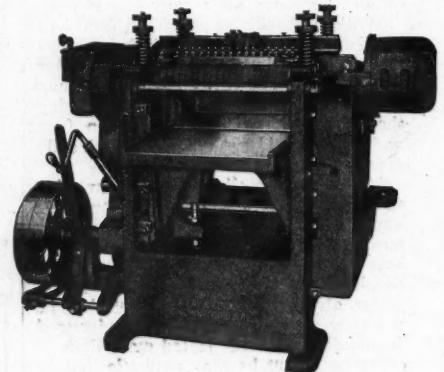
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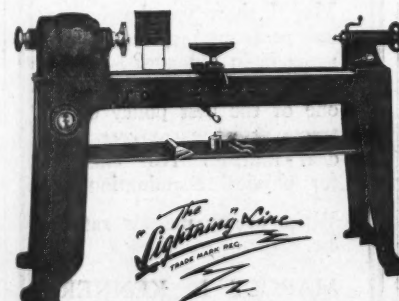
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WHAT if some men oppress the weak
And some are churlish when they speak,
What if some lie and cheat and steal
And profit by some shady deal,
What if some false man fools the throng,
Don't you go wrong!

What if dishonor seems to pay,
If some embezzler gets away,
Or if by favor some men climb
While patient merit bides his time;
Nothing that's false can live for long,
Don't you go wrong!

What if you fancy now and then
Life is unfair to earnest men,
That cheats grow rich and sham grows great,
Let love of right not turn to hate;
Against false whispering be you strong,
Don't you go wrong!

You merely see the outward show
And not the suffering below,
You see the profit false men gain
But not the torment and the pain,
For cheats there is no merry song,
Don't you go wrong!

Let them grow rich, as oft they will,
Liars and cheats are liars still;
Still false is glory falsely gained,
Still shameful that by shame attained.
Nothing that's base can live for long,
Don't you go wrong!

Edgar A. Guest